

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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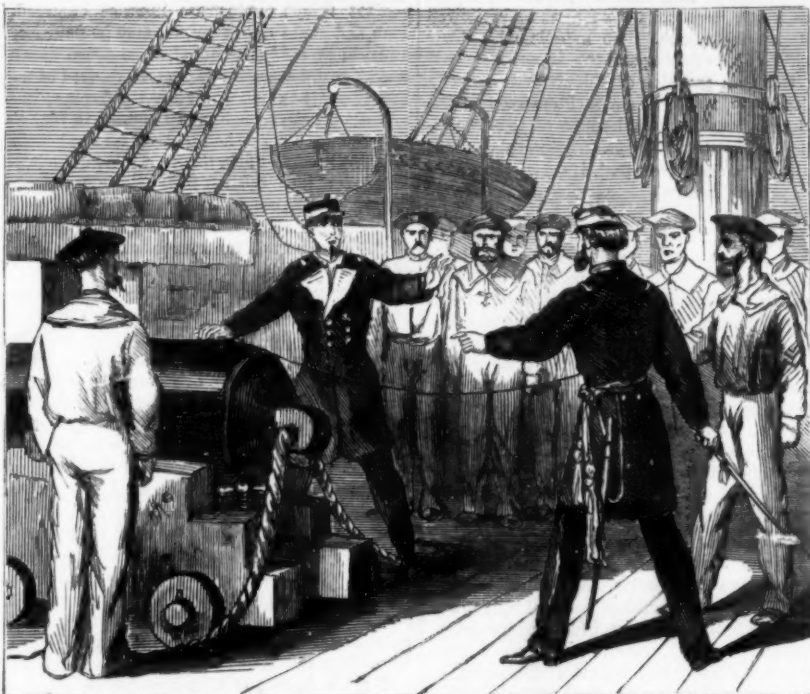
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Our Relations with Spain.

SYMPATHY with the struggle of the Cubans for independence is so general among the people of the United States and so clearly as-



A SPANISH OFFICER PREVENTING THE SPANISH FRIGATE ANDALUZA FROM FIRING ON THE AMERICAN BRIG MARY LOWELL.—SEE PAGE 103.

sociated with their conceptions of the political destiny of their own republic, that, with them, it may be considered a national sentiment. Although the popular judgment would deprecate at the present time an armed collision with any foreign power, still it is probable that our Government can rely upon an earnest popular support, at this crisis, of any measures adopted, with sufficient cause, to sustain the national dignity against provocation on the part of Spain. It is, therefore, possible that the recent outrages on the American flag by Spanish war vessels, in the cases of the Lizzie Major and Mary Lowell, may lead to a war with Spain, especially if the Government of that country should indeed, as has been suggested, have deliberately adopted the policy of provoking hostilities with the United States, as a salve to its wounded pride in view of the inevitable loss of the "ever faithful isle."

Our Government will doubtless act with caution in this matter, and with as much forbearance as may be consistent with national self-respect. The acquisition of Cuba would, it is fair to presume, be one of the results of a war with Spain, and that very fact should induce a careful consideration, in the spirit of conciliation, of all grounds for antagonism that may be thrust upon us by the Spaniards. It must not be recorded against us that we sought this quarrel to gratify our longing for the rich prize which, with or without a war, is within our grasp.



SPANISH OUTRAGE ON THE AMERICAN FLAG—THE AMERICAN SCHOONER, LIZZIE MAJOR, BOARDED BY AN OFFICER AND BOAT'S CREW FROM THE SPANISH FRIGATE FERNANDO CATOLICO, AND TWO PASSENGERS TAKEN AWAY.—FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH.—SEE PAGE 103.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, MAY 1, 1869.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

Notice to News Agents.

We are preparing to issue a series of handsome show bills, and to insure their efficient circulation, we desire to place ourselves in direct communication with all the News Agents throughout the United States. News Agents who have not yet received our circulars, will please forward to this office their business cards, or addresses in full.

Fish, and Fish Culture.

In the last century every essay on Fish, was either descriptive of the modes of catching it, or the glorification of fishing as a sport. True, one kind of fishing was an industry, enabling thousands of people to obtain a respectable livelihood, and affording a grateful variety to the dinner-tables of our forefathers. And had fishing for the market been always confined to the waters of the sea, or even to tidal waters, the lovers of the angle would not have had to deplore the gradual decay of their gentle pleasure through the increasing scarcity of their game; neither would a favorite and once popular theme have been lost to the literature of the day. But when, both in this country and in Europe, population, by its rapid increase, pressed upon the means of subsistence, the coast fisheries were taxed to their utmost extent; nets with small meshes were used which caught both the old and the young fish; and no time, no season, and no condition of the fish prevented its capture. Not content with this unnecessary slaughter, eager fishermen pursued the fish up the rivers to which they resorted to deposit their spawn, and there netted them without mercy. In fact, "all was fish that came to the net," an adage probably invented before the laws protecting fish came into force.

But we are far from having exhausted the list of the enemies of the fish. Insatiable as man is, voracious as are others of their own kind, their worst foes are the impediments, such as weirs, and other river obstructions, placed in their way to the spawning-beds. Most of our readers are aware that the salmon, trout, shad, and many species of fish are in the habit, when spawning-time approaches, of leaving the salt water, and seeking the shallow parts of the rivers and ponds, there to deposit their ova. It is a curious yet incontestable fact that these fish will always return to the stream in which they were born, and continue to do this year after year with unvarying regularity. Where they go after quitting the fresh water, which they do in a lean and miserable condition, and in what part of the ocean they find the food which causes young fish to increase their weight from two to three-fold before they return to the "ancestral halls" the following year, is a mystery yet unsolved. It is certain that no salmon has ever been caught in deep water, and yet, if we think of the myriads of fish that every year emigrate from our rivers, and from the rivers of Europe, and disappear from that moment till after many months they return with unerring instinct to the running waters that gave them birth, so changed in form that their warmest friends do not recognize them, we cannot but imagine that there is some paradise in unexplored nooks and recesses of the ocean where the finny tribe eat and fatten at their ease, untroubled as yet by the stratagems and wiles of man. So changed will the young of the salmon become by their annual exodus that for many years it was held, even by experienced fishermen, that parr, smolt, and grise were a distinct fish from the salmon, whereas it has now been ascertained by marking fish as they descend a stream, and recapturing them the following year, that these are but salmon in various stages of growth.

Now, when these migrating fish, in ascending the stream to which their instinct has led, find insurmountable obstructions in their way, or the waters polluted by offensive matter from manufactures, they soon cease to visit it. The spawn not being deposited, there are no young fish impelled by their instincts to revisit their homes; and more than this, the old fish, collected in such masses at the foot of the obstacles newly placed in their way, are caught in quantities that, under any circumstances, would impoverish the stream. This was notably shown in the Connecticut river, when the great dam at Holyoke was finally closed, in 1849. "The season of 1848 was the last in which shad had access to the extensive breeding-grounds above Hadley Falls. The young of that year were marketable fish in 1851. All the three-year old fish taken since then were bred in the contracted grounds below Holyoke dam, and are, consequently, much less numerous. The catch of 1852 was barely one-third that of 1851 (5,642 to 15,942).

Why? Because, in 1849 the shad were suddenly stopped by the dam, and there crowded together, were taken in quantities—two thousand at one haul."

It is unnecessary, even if our limits permitted, to give in detail the causes of the decline of fish in the rivers and on the coasts of England. In brief, the demand in the large cities found means of gratification by the increased facilities of transportation, and by the discovery that, if packed in ice, large fish could be safely carried and preserved for a long time.

First came the demand, increasing as people found it could be gratified. Then prices rose, as the ordinary supplies diminished. Under this stimulus, fish of all ages and conditions were captured, and it is certain that if legislation had not stepped in, and sternly enforced certain laws tending to the preservation of fish, some of the most valuable species would, ere this, have been as extinct as the dodo.

In this country, in addition to the immense demand for fish, there was also, on the part of fishermen, a certain, and perhaps not unnatural impatience of interference by law with a pursuit which they and their fathers had followed without hindrance. To meddle with their rights of free fishing and free shooting seemed to them an invasion of their liberties, and an attempt to revive the feudal customs of the old country, which it became all true Americans to resist to the last. Yet nothing could be more certain than that, if some restraining power could not be exerted over the indiscriminate take of fish, there would, in a short time, so universal was the slaughter, be no fish to take. Besides, it was well observed that such restraints were for the true interests of fishermen, in so far as by preventing the capture of the young, the number of old fish would in a few years be vastly increased. Within the memory of man the Connecticut river has teemed with salmon. Now, what with the capture of young and old, and the obstructions by weirs, it is extinct. Probably the Hudson also once abounded with this noble fish, now absolutely driven from it by the cupidity and short-sightedness of those who persistently netted it, in season and out of season.

The commissioners appointed by this State and by all the Eastern States to examine into the question of fisheries, have shown clearly how this valuable branch of national industry is gradually falling away, and that unless fishermen can be forced to observe certain regulations as regards the size and spread of their nets, to keep certain days in each week as "closed"—unless the owners of dams can be compelled to keep and establish fishways and salmon-ladders, and manufacturers be restricted from throwing their waste (if there be any real waste in nature) into fish streams, it will inevitably decline still further. The reports of these commissioners are full of valuable statistics as to the coast and river fisheries of our Northern States, but perhaps the most interesting parts are those descriptive of experiments in artificial fish-breeding, and the important results this system is destined to achieve.

Like other great discoveries of the age, there is still a dispute as to who is entitled to the glory of having first tried to breed fish by artificial means. What most concerns us is to know that at Hunningue on the Rhine and at Stormentfield near Perth, the system is pursued on a prodigious scale, as shown in the illustrations already laid before the readers of this journal, and with a success which if not unvarying, is at least so constant as to make the enterprise pecuniarily successful. It results from these experiments that an acre of running water is, if properly cultivated, more productive and profitable than an acre of land, and some estimates say as much as five acres. The Commissioners of Massachusetts say, "The whole apparatus is as cheap as cheap can be, and presents great inducements to our farmers and fishermen. Certainly they would not hesitate to begin this industry did they know the little labor needed, and the considerable food and profit to be derived. They should know that the skim milk of one good cow turned into curd will feed plentifully 500 pounds of trout, and with what they themselves pick up will cause them to grow rapidly. Now, will it feed 500 pounds of pork? The trout are worth at least \$250, the pork not more than \$80."

Emboldened by the success which had attended the artificial raising of salmon and trout in Europe, Mr. Seth Green, of this State, tried the experiment in the Connecticut river of artificially propagating shad. He succeeded beyond his expectations, and what was most remarkable was, that while it requires from 40 to 120 days for the eggs of trout and salmon to hatch, those of the shad will hatch in 48 to 70 hours. More than this, 90 per cent. of the artificially impregnated shad-spawn will hatch, while when deposited by the fish it is doubtful if 10 per cent. mature, owing to the depredations of other fish; and if the waters become muddy from any cause, all the spawn are killed. "Shad, like salmon, always return, if possible, to deposit their ova in the identical stream in which they were hatched," and this induces the

sanguine hope that we will once more see our large rivers well-stocked with both shad and salmon, and the price of both brought within the reach of our laboring classes. It is well shown that our noble Hudson could be so stocked with shad, at slight expense, that the fish could be profitably sold at 10 cents a piece, instead of 75 cents to \$1, as at present.

Legislation is needed to protect our citizens in their rights to enjoy the fruits of their labors in this kind of culture, to preserve the fish from the depredations of poachers, and from being caught in nets whose meshes will permit the young fry to pass through, retaining only fish that are marketable. Legislation, however, is of little use unless upheld by a healthy public sentiment; and this we feel assured will follow, as soon as the public learn to know what to condemn and what to approve. The Sportsman's Club did good service in enforcing the law regarding the closed season as to birds against a well-known public caterer, and also against one of our leading clubs. We trust some similar body of public-spirited gentlemen will see that the statutes against illegal fishing are likewise enforced. Fish and game out of season may be dainties, and will probably be eaten henceforward with a keener zest, because they are forbidden; but we never heard any one assert that the flavor of immature or half-fed fish was superior to that of one full grown. When there is no market for unlawfully caught fish, that is, when public sentiment sets itself against their sale or purchase, fishermen will cease from doing what not only impoverishes themselves in the long run, but is also an attack on the sources of our supplies of food.

One very curious application of artificial propagation is mentioned by the Commissioners. Up to the year 1864 no salmon were in the streams of Australia. That year the impregnated ova were transported thither by Mr. Goul, a distance of sixteen thousand miles, were successfully hatched, and, after the manner of their kind, went to sea, and returned in due season to their native waters. Thus is laid the foundation of a new and important branch of industry, and an entirely new source of food is opened to the population, just as much as if thousands of acres of wheat land had been reclaimed from the desert. But one curious inquiry suggests itself in this relation. It is well known that the common house-fly has driven away the native Australian fly, though this latter is far larger and more fierce; and that northern grasses have choked off the strong, rank, native grasses. Analogy might lead to the belief that the northern salmon might in its own element do some work of this kind; and if so, what of its own species does it destroy or supersede? And again, what foes do the new emigrants meet that eat them? And if those southern seas are not already inhabited by fish, to which the salmon comes as a new and dainty dish, will fish grow or be developed there whose function in nature it will be, by devouring them, to keep down an excessive growth of salmon?

We have alluded in the beginning of this article to the changes which time has wrought in the nature and object of the literature connected with fishing. No greater contrast can be imagined than between Isaac Walton's pleasant gossiping about angling and some parts of these reports. All his endeavors were to catch; ours are to multiply and preserve. Take as an illustration a letter from Mr. Seth Green in relation to one of his failures at Holyoke, by reason of excessively hot weather:

"July 16th.
"FRIEND LYMAN: I have quit to save expense. Last Monday (13th), the spawn began to suffer from some cause. I was in trouble; I did not stop looking. I had never seen spawn suffer from too warm water. Tuesday (14th), began to think perhaps the water was too warm. Put a string of boxes in the mouth of the creek and tailed them out in the river. Water in the creek, 66 degrees, 11 o'clock, P. M.; the tall end box, 84 degrees. At daylight, in the morning, the box 66 degrees, all good; the spawn 84 degrees, all dead! I had a sure thing! I put a box up in the creek, 66 degrees; all good until 12 o'clock the next day. The water in the creek had gone up to 82 degrees—spawn suffering bad. The next day 50 per cent. dead; the next, 75. The rest hatched, but not healthy. The cause was what I looked for; and I found it, and I felt proud. I would have staid for 10 cents a day, if I had not found the cause of the spawn dying. I found it, and had nothing to do but set down and sweat! That ain't me!"

The Commissioners add: "To public speakers and writers this letter may serve as a model in the art of saying what you have to say in few words, and then stopping instantly." Which we accordingly do.

PIKE AND PEASE.

FELIX CARTER, author of "A Story of my Life," writes thus pleasantly:

"I observe that some cockney critics of 'A Story of my Life,' which you kindly printed, cannot believe that Michael Storms caught a pickerel (qu. pike?) through the ice, one day, and went hoeing on the next."

"I have not troubled you with any reply to their criticisms, because I believe that, in general, no man is written down an ass except by himself. I preferred to wait till the time to hoe comes, and then to go down on the pond in the intervals of hoeing, and catch a pickerel for you. He is now caught, and caught through a hole in the ice, and, though I am sorry he is not bigger, I take the liberty of sending him to you for the benefit of the curious. Shall I send, in July, the green pease which result from the hoeing of to-day?"

TWO SONNETS.

I.

THE child from rest of heart shouts out its song,
And smiles the grateful smile of summer flowers;
Our rest is marred by toil, our right by wrong,
Our hearts are joyless in the sunniest hours.
Why do we smile, but that we fear to weep,
Why toil for wealth since wealth enhances pain?
Why garner knowledge from the wise who sleep,
Since in brief life 'tis but a bootless gain?
Gone is the wholesome gladness of old days,
Gone is the faith on which our fathers fed;
We have no heart for prayer, no voice for praise;
Creeds are outworn, they say, and Christ is dead;
Darkly we struggle, vainly strive to live;
This life is death—has Death no life to give?

II.

O coward hearts! despondent and afraid,
Who read Life's riddle backward to your loss
And wist not 'tis God's sunshine makes the shade,
And that His noblest triumph is the Cross—
O men! O'erwearied with the daily fight
With struggles, doubts and questions manifold—
Blind with the mist, yet craving for the light—
Joy shall be yours, and rest and peace untold,
Only keep open heart and ear and eye.
Truth creeps with gradual footsteps like the dawn.
'Twas while the darkness lingered in the sky
That Christ arose, the herald of the morn:
For that great moment Life and Death had striven,
For us the strife—then what remains but Heaven?

CHASED BY WOLVES.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

ONE of the sports of certain parts of Russia during the winter season is that of hunting wolves. The amusement is conducted in a variety of ways. Sometimes, when the party of hunters is a large one, a grand battue is arranged, and a wide extent of territory is surrounded. The circle may be miles in diameter, and require a day or two to form it; the territory enclosed is generally one where wolves are known to abound, and when the lines are shut, and the animals driven to the centre, they frequently number a hundred or more. At a hunt in Lithuania, one of the western provinces of Russia, some years ago, nearly three hundred wolves were killed, and half as many escaped before the lines were closed. Near St. Petersburg wolves are more scarce, and sometimes the hunters return without any trophies. A funny story is told of an imperial wolf-hunt during the reign of Nicholas.

A German prince of considerable importance was visiting the court of the emperor, and received many attentions. He was shown all the curiosities of the capital and its surroundings, and as a climax, the emperor determined to treat him to a wolf-hunt. The guest had some reputation as a Nimrod, and consequently his host did not wish to disappoint him in finding game. The superintendent of the forest said there was a scarcity of wolves, and so his Majesty ordered a dozen or more tame ones to be let loose. Of course the chase was successful, and the game was so driven that the prince was able to bring back a couple of wolf-skins on the return to the city.

The emperor complimented the prince on his success, and the latter replied:

"You have a strange race of wolves in Russia. One of those I killed to-day wore a collar, and the other had the hair rubbed from his neck as if by a chain."

All through Russia, from the Baltic to Behring's Sea, the wolf can be found. He is the ordinary gray wolf of Europe and America, and only dangerous when hunger has made him fierce. In Siberia he rarely attacks man, and during a sleigh-ride of thirty-six hundred miles through Siberia and the eastern portion of European Russia I encountered but few of them. One afternoon just at sunset a group of them looked over a snowy ridge near the road, and set up a howl as if they proposed pursuing us. We drove along as rapidly as we could, and I kept my eyes fixed on the ridge until the gray coats of those brutes were altogether lost to sight. While tossing that night through my first slumber, as the sleigh was steadily dashing to the westward, I dreamed of wolves, and awoke with a feeling of great relief at my escape from being eaten up to satisfy the hunger of a pack of a hundred or so of the most unpleasant beasts it was ever a man's misfortune to encounter.

Siberia is so thinly settled, and game is so abundant, that a wolf can make an honest living much easier than in Western Russia. Even in the worst winters he is rarely driven to the necessity of pursuing travelers to obtain a meal, as there is usually a sufficient quantity of deer, antelope, and the like to be had for the hunting. In the regions of the Altai Mountains, and the level country beyond them, the wolves are numerous, and often seen hunting in packs or droves. A Russian officer who had traveled there, told me that he, one day, came across a pack of wolves that had surrounded a wild bull they had evidently been pursuing for some time. They had succeeded in hamstringing him, and he was certain to yield before long. My friend watched the wolves for nearly an hour, and saw that they regularly relieved each

other in dangerous positions, and while some rested, the others continued to worry their prey. The bull fought with desperation, though he seemed quite conscious of his impending fate. The gentleman shot two of the wolves, and drove away the rest; he then put the bull out of his misery, and as he moved away he saw the pack returning to enjoy their expected feast.

Wolf-hunts are most popular in the western provinces of Russia, where the population is more dense than in Siberia, and the wolves consequently grow more desperate in severe winters. The wolves pursue travelers only after severe and long-continued storms, that cover or drive away most of the game in the forests. The objects of their pursuit are horses that draw the sleigh, rather than the persons within it, but when they have once overtaken a vehicle, they are not apt to make nice distinctions between horses and men. They generally make their attacks upon the horses first, and sometimes where a party has four or five horses, it cuts one loose from the team, and then kills him, so that while the wolves are feeding upon his carcass the chase will be delayed.

I heard in Russia a story of a party near Vilna that was once pursued by wolves, and in great danger of capture. There was a young woman and her lover in the sleigh, and as the wolves came close upon them, the lover proposed to jump from the sleigh and sacrifice himself, in order that his affianced might escape. She refused his offer, and declared she would die with him. He finally succeeded in extorting from her a promise that she would remain in the sleigh under the guidance of the driver, and endeavor, in case of her escape, to comfort his parents in their old age. As the wolves came nearer, and almost touched the sleigh, the young man sprang among them, and was instantly torn in pieces. The woman remained, in obedience to her promise, and with a mingled feeling of fright and grief cowered beneath the robes. But as the wolves again approached, she raised her head, and pronouncing the name of her lover, stood erect in the vehicle. The driver, busy with his horses, gave her no attention until she leaped among the pursuing beasts, and followed the fate of the man who claimed her affection as his own.

The ordinary mode of hunting wolves in Russia is to go out with a sleigh drawn by three horses abreast, and make a circuit through the forest where the game is known to abound. Great care is taken to have the harness and everything else about the concern in good condition, so that no accident may occur at a critical moment. The team of three horses is called a troika, and the term is applied to the animals exclusive or inclusive of the sleigh, exactly as the word team is used in America.

There are usually two hunters in the sleigh, while the driver is perched on the seat at the forward end, and has no duties beyond attending to his horses, and the hunters are armed with guns that admit of being loaded and fired rapidly, and for this purpose some of the new breach-loading weapons of the present day are found very serviceable. An important, though an unwilling member of the hunting party is a pig. He is taken into the sleigh, and carefully wrapped in the furs and straw at the bottom while on the way to the happy hunting-ground, but when arrived there, his treatment becomes very unpleasant. A stout rope is tied to his leg, and attached to the after part of the sleigh. He is then thrown overboard, and, as the vehicle moves along, he is towed astern, very much as a patent log is made to follow a ship at sea. Of course he squeals, as any other pig would do under the circumstances, and his scream on the still night air can be heard a long distance.

The wolf is no Jew, so far as the matter of eating and drinking goes; on the contrary, he is very fond of pork, and never omits an opportunity to obtain it. As he hears the scream of the pig, he is sure to be aroused by it, and if hungry, as he generally is, he moves very promptly in its direction. If the winter is severe, and game scarce, the squealing of the pig is especially attractive, and draws an audience as appreciative, though not as desirable, as any that ever gathered to listen to Patti or Nilsson. When the wolves approach within easy shooting distance, the hunters make quick work with their guns, and generally succeed in bringing down quite a number. Of course this kind of hunting is as precarious as any other, and very often the hunter returns empty-handed. A dozen wolves is considered very fair shooting for a single night, and when the prizes amount to twenty or more, it is considered a good time for wolves.

One day during my stay in Irkutsk I went with a Russian officer of my acquaintance to look at the country, a few miles north of the town. As we were returning from our ride, I spoke of a very large wolf-skin that I saw at a peasant's house where we stopped a few moments to take tea. My companion became less talkative than usual as soon as I mentioned the wolf-skin, and we finished our ride as if we were not on the best of terms. That evening, as we sat over our cigars, he referred to the subject of my afternoon's remark, and then told me a story, which I will give, as nearly as possible, in his own words.

"You see," said he, "that though I am still young, my hair is gray as that of a man of sixty. It was not turned white in a single night, but it was turned by the events of a single night that I shall never forget. I never see a wolf, or hear one mentioned, without a very unpleasant feeling. When you spoke of that skin to-day you touched the old wound, and it was for that reason that I was so moody and little inclined to talk on our way home.

"Five years ago this winter I was in St. Petersburg, where I had just received my commission in one of the regiments attached to the immediate service of the emperor. There was little to do, and I passed much time in the society of the gay capital. In the course of the winter I met a most charming young lady, the sister of one of my fellow-officers, and in a few

weeks we became greatly attached to each other. Our intimacy terminated in an engagement, and when she left, under the escort of her brother, to spend a few weeks at the family home in Posen, I obtained leave of absence, and accompanied her.

"Of course time passed pleasantly enough for us lovers, though it hung rather heavily upon the hands of her brother, who had no one to love, and considered a great deal of our talk the veriest nonsense in the world, as it probably was. We got up little journeys to various places in the vicinity, and had several hunting excursions, without any special good fortune. Finally my friend Rasloff proposed a wolf-hunt, and, though I would have preferred to remain at the chateau in the company of Christina, I consented, and we made our preparations.

"We prepared a troika and selected the best horses from Rasloff's stable; fine quick, sure-footed beasts, and with a driver who was unsurpassed in all that region for his skill and dash. The sleigh was a large one, and we fitted it with a good supply of robes and straw, and put a healthy young pig in it to serve as a decoy. We each had a gun, and carried a couple of spare guns, with plenty of ammunition, so that we could kill as many wolves as presented themselves.

"Just as we were preparing to start, and the horses were prancing at the door, Christina asked to accompany us. We did not anticipate any danger, but somehow we felt a reluctance to expose her to whatever risk there was in the expedition. I suggested the coldness of the night, and Rasloff hinted that the sleigh was too small for three. But Christina protested that the air, though sharp, was clear and still, and she could wrap herself warmly; a ride of a few hours would do her more good than harm. The sleigh, she insisted, was a large one, and afforded ample room. 'Besides,' she added, 'I will sit directly behind the driver, and out of your way, and I want to see a wolf-hunt very much indeed.'

"So we consented. Christina arrayed herself in a few moments, and we started on our excursion.

"The servants were instructed to hang out a light in front of the entrance to the courtyard. It was about sunset when we left the chateau and drove out upon the plain, covered here and there with patches of forest. The road we followed was well trodden by the many peasants on their way to the fair at the town, some twenty-five miles away. We met several parties of these peasants jogging merrily along, some of them rather too merry from deep potations of the native vodka. We traveled slowly, not wishing to tire our horses, and, as we left the half dozen villages that clustered around the chateau within a few miles of it, we had the road entirely to ourselves. The moon rose soon after sunset, and as it was at the full, it lighted up the plain very clearly, and seemed to stand out quite distinct from the deep blue sky and the bright stars that sparkled everywhere above the horizon.

"We chatted gayly as we rode along. Somehow I found it convenient to sit very close to Christina's side, and it was not strange that it became necessary to throw my arm around her waist to support her. The time passed so rapidly that I was half surprised when Rasloff told me to cease love-making and get ready to hunt wolves. Christina thought we had better wait a little longer, but her brother was inflexible, and so we halted and made our preparations.

"The pig had been lying very comfortably in the bottom of the sleigh, and protested quite loudly as we brought him out. The rope had been made ready before we started from home, and so the most we had to do was to turn the horses around, get our guns ready, and throw the pig upon the ground. He set up a piercing shriek as the rope dragged him along, and completely drowned our voices. Paul had hard work to keep the horses from breaking into a run, but he succeeded, and we maintained a very slow trot. Christina nestled in the place she had agreed to occupy, and Rasloff and I prepared to shoot the wolves.

"We drove thus for fifteen or twenty minutes. The pig gradually became exhausted, and reduced his scream to a sort of moan that was very painful to hear. I began to think we should see no wolves, and return to the chateau without firing our guns, when suddenly a howl came faintly along the air, and in a moment, another and another.

"There," said Rasloff; "there comes our game, and we shall have work enough before long."

"A few moments later I saw a half dozen dusky forms emerging from the forest to the right and behind us. They seemed like moving spots on the snow, and had it not been for their howling I should have failed to notice them as early as I did. They grew more and more numerous, and, as they gathered behind us, formed a waving line across the road that gradually took the shape of a crescent, with the horns pointing toward our right and left. At first they were timid, and kept a hundred yards or more behind us, but as the hog renewed his scream, they took courage, and approached nearer.

"By the time they were within fifty yards there were two or three hundred of them—possibly half a thousand. I could see every moment that their numbers were increasing, and it was somewhat impatiently that I waited Rasloff's signal to fire. At last he told me to begin, and I fired at the centre of the pack. The wolf I struck gave a howl of pain, and his companions, roused by the smell of blood, fell upon and tore him to pieces in a moment. Rasloff fired an instant after me, and then we kept up our firing as fast as possible. As the wolves fell, the others sprang upon them, but the pack was so large that they were not materially detained by stopping to eat up their brethren. They continued the pursuit, and what alarmed me, they came nearer, and showed very little fear of our guns.

"We had taken a large quantity of ammunition—more by half than we thought would possibly be needed—but its quantity diminished so rapidly as to suggest the probability of exhaustion. The pack steadily came nearer. We cut away the pig, but it stopped the pursuit only for a moment. Directly behind us the wolves were not ten yards away; on each side they were no further from the horses, who were snorting with fear, and requiring all the efforts of the driver to hold them. We shot down the beasts as fast as possible, and as I saw our danger I whispered my thoughts to Rasloff.

"He replied to me in Spanish, which Christina did not understand, that the situation was really dangerous, and we must prepare to get out of it. 'I would stay longer,' he suggested, 'though there is a good deal of risk in it, but we must think of the girl, and not let her suspect anything wrong, and, above all, must not risk her safety.'

"Turning to the driver, he said, in a cheery tone:

"Paul, we have shot till we are tired out. You may let the horses go, but keep them well in control."

"Even while he spoke a huge wolf sprang from the pack and dashed toward one of the horses. Another followed him, and in twenty seconds the line was broken and they were upon us. One wolf jumped at the rear of the sleigh and caught his paws upon it. Rasloff struck him with the butt of his gun, and at the same instant he delivered the blow, Paul let the horses have their way. Rasloff fell upon the edge of the vehicle and over its side. Luckily, his foot caught in one of the robes and held him for an instant—long enough to enable me to seize and draw him back. It was the work of a moment, but what a moment!

"Christina had remained silent, suspecting, but not fully comprehending our danger. As her brother fell she gave one piercing scream and dropped senseless to the bottom of the sleigh. I confess that I exerted all my strength in that effort to save the brother of my affianced, and as I accomplished it, I sank powerless, though still conscious, at the side of the girl I loved. Rasloff's right arm was dislocated by the fall, and one of the pursuing wolves had struck his teeth into his scalp as he was dragging over the side, and torn it so that it bled profusely. How narrow had been his escape!

"Faster, faster, Paul!" he shouted; "drive for your life and for ours."

"Paul gave the horses free rein, and they needed no urging. They dashed along the road as horses rarely ever dashed before. In a few minutes I gained strength enough to raise my head, and saw, to my unspeakable delight, that the distance between us and the pack was increasing. We were safe if no accident occurred and the horses could maintain their pace.

"One horse fell, but, as if knowing his danger, made a tremendous effort and gained his feet. By-and-by we saw the light at the chateau, and in a moment dashed into the courtyard, and were safe.

"We carried Christina to the house, but it was several hours before she recovered her consciousness. A peasant told us that the road we followed was strewn with the wolves we had killed, but we did not care to visit the scene of our terrible danger. Rasloff soon recovered from his injuries, but his hair, like mine, turned white from the date of that fearful ride. Christina and I were married a few months later, but none of us ever refer, except by accident, to the wolf-hunt in Posen."

FINE ARTS.

MR. M. T. DE HAAS has just finished his large picture, "Sunset off the Isle of Jersey," but not in time for the Exhibition of the Academy of Design. We regret that the lovers of art in this city will have no present opportunity of seeing this picture, as it will be immediately sent to Boston.

BOOK NOTICES.

OUT OF THE STREETS. By CHARLES GAYLER. New York: Robert M. De Witt.

An American novel of our own times, originally published in FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER. The extraordinary attention drawn to this story as it appeared, from week to week, in that popular journal, encouraged its author to make arrangements for its publication in book form. It is founded on facts. Most of its characters are still living amid the scenes described. "Pet; or, Love's Sacrifice," by the same author, a serial of equal if not superior interest, was commenced in No. 192 of the CHIMNEY CORNER.

THE ART JOURNAL. New York: Virtue & Voston.

This publication is, and is likely to remain, without a rival in its department. Among the illustrations in the number for April, just come to hand, are three fine steel engravings: "The Warrior's Cradle," from a picture by MacIver; "A Stormy Sunset," from a picture by H. Dawson; and "Cornelia," from an exquisite group by Mathurin-Moreau. The letter-press has its usual variety of articles on subjects connected with art, some of them illustrated with wood-cuts.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM FIELDS, OSGOOD & Co.: "Among the Hills and Other Poems," by Whittier; "The Blameless Prince and Other Poems," by Stedman; and Charles Reade's "Hard Cash," "White Lies," and "Foul Play"—household editions.

FROM SAMUEL R. WELLS: "How to Read Character," fully illustrated.

FROM OLIVER DITSON & Co.: "The Wreath of Gems," a collection of popular songs, ballads, etc., with music.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

The Isthmus of Suez Canal.

The Fresh-water Canal, which was constructed for the purpose of affording healthy drinking-water to the inhabitants of the villages along its route, and the workmen engaged on the Isthmus of Suez Canal, extends from Zagzig to Ismailia, a distance of fifty miles, and is 40 feet wide by 9 feet deep. Our engraving shows the Ismailia end of the canal, with the re-

sidences of the Egyptian governor and the president and engineer-in-chief of the Suez Canal Company. These dwellings have a pleasant look-out over Lake Timsah. During eight months of the year Ismailia is probably the healthiest spot in Northern Egypt, and the traveler may there fully realize the balm and beauty of the Egyptian night.

Wood Purveyors for a Tyrolean School.

On entering the Tyrol from Switzerland, it is probable that the first sight of its scenery may disappoint the wayfarer, but let him penetrate into the remote valleys of the German Tyrol, and ascend to high pastures, and he will see spread out before him scenes that have no parallel in other countries. Our illustration represents a spectacle in one of these remote valleys, not very often witnessed by the ordinary traveler, since it belongs mostly to the winter life of the people. Fuel and other necessities have to be brought to the villages from distant points, and with considerable labor, and it is the self-imposed duty of the pupils of the schools to see that a goodly quantity of dry fagots is kept in the dwellings. Those lucky urchins who possess a wooden sledge, rudely put together for their journey down the snowy declivities, gather the largest amount, but all contribute something, though it be but a single bough, or a fagot of twigs.

Hungerford Pier, on the Thames Embankment.

The passenger traffic of those little steamboats which ply all day from London Bridge to Lambeth and Chelsea, will henceforth be much better accommodated with places for embarking and landing than it has heretofore been, by the construction of new and commodious piers. The Hungerford Pier, on the Thames Embankment, is one of the latest and most acceptable improvements. On the spacious floor of the landing-stage is erected a neat little wooden house, for the sale of tickets, and there are several comfortable waiting-rooms, with seats around the walls, to shelter the people in bad weather, awaiting the arrival of the boats.

Funeral of Fuad Pasha at Constantinople.

The death of Fuad Pasha, the eminent Turkish statesman, at Nice, Italy, though not an unexpected event, was one which served to produce unwonted excitement amidst the European colony which takes up its winter quarters in that resort for invalids. After very impressive funeral obsequies at Nice, the remains were borne on board the vessel, for transportation to Constantinople—the capital of the country the deceased statesman had served so honestly and so ably when she had few honest men to serve her. On the arrival of the vessel, a large procession was formed, to escort the remains to their final resting-place, and the highest honors were paid to the memory of the departed Pasha.

Oxford and Cambridge Universities' Boat Race, England—The Start from Putney.

The twenty-sixth rowing match on the Thames between the two university crews of Oxford and Cambridge, took place March 17th, and resulted once more in the victory of the Oxford boat, for the ninth time in that number of years. In the evening a party of about one hundred members of the two universities dined with the crews, according to an established custom.

Inauguration of Homes for Working-people in France.

On the 7th of March the inauguration of forty buildings, erected for the accommodation of the working classes, occurred with appropriate ceremonies at Amiens, France. The buildings, which are fitted up with every regard to the convenience and comfort of the occupants, and with close attention to the principles of health, are models of their kind.

The Emperor of Austria's Visit to Hungary.

The journey of Francis Joseph in Croatia was made the occasion of enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty on the part of his subjects in Hungary. The inhabitants of Agram in particular were earnest in attesting their gratitude to the sovereign of Austria for the policy that vested the power of the Emperor upon the principle of the nationalities. Our engraving represents the reception of his Imperial Majesty at Agram.

Explosion at a Factory of Chemicals, Place de la Sorbonne, Paris.

The chemical manufactory of M. Veron-Fontaine, in the Place de la Sorbonne, Paris, was recently the scene of a frightful explosion. A new kind of fulminating powder for submarine torpedoes was being prepared, when a vessel full of nitrate of potassium, one of the chief materials of the composition, blew up and destroyed the lower part of the house, killing the proprietor and his two sons, and seriously wounding a number of workmen and passers-by. The quantity of potassium was sufficient, had the accident occurred in the cellars, to have blown up the entire row of buildings.

Hon. John Jay, United States Minister to Austria.

MR. JOHN JAY, our new Austrian Minister, is of Huguenot descent, his ancestors having come to America after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

His grandfather, John Jay, held the post of President of the First Congress, and that of Minister respectively to Spain and England.

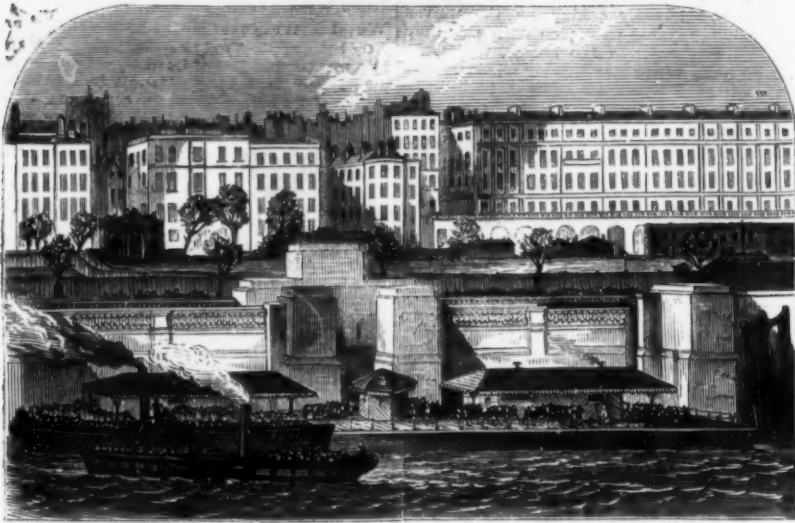
The new Minister was born in New York city, in 1817, and graduated at Columbia College in 1836. After a course of study of the law with the late Daniel Lord, he was admitted to the bar in 1839. He continued in active pursuit of his profession until the death of his father, after which event he removed to the family estate at Bedford, L. I.

Mr. Jay became a manager of the New York Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society in 1834, and from that time until the abolition of slavery by the passage of the Constitutional Amendment he was an active supporter of the cause. Mr. Jay has twice visited Europe, the first time in 1848, on which occasion he passed some months in England; and again in 1865 and '66, when he presided at a Thanksgiving dinner at the Grand Hotel, Paris—the first union of Americans subsequent to the war.

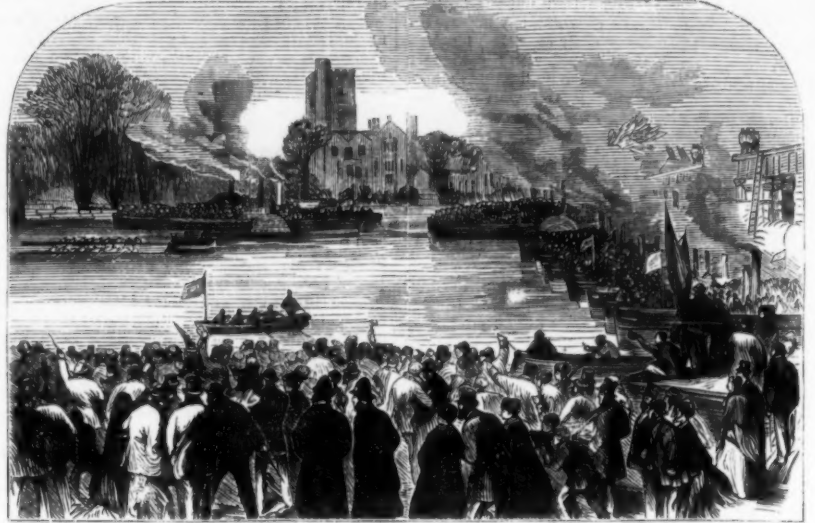
It was during that tour that Mr. Jay was elected President of the Union League Club, an office to which he has three distinct times been re-elected with marked unanimity. Throughout the war Mr. Jay was an active member of the Union League Club, frequently advising with Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet.

Some one has written a book for Prince Napoleon. It is entitled "The Political Influence of the Bonaparte Family," and will be published next fall.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 99.



LONDON IMPROVEMENTS—HUNGERFORD PIER, ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.



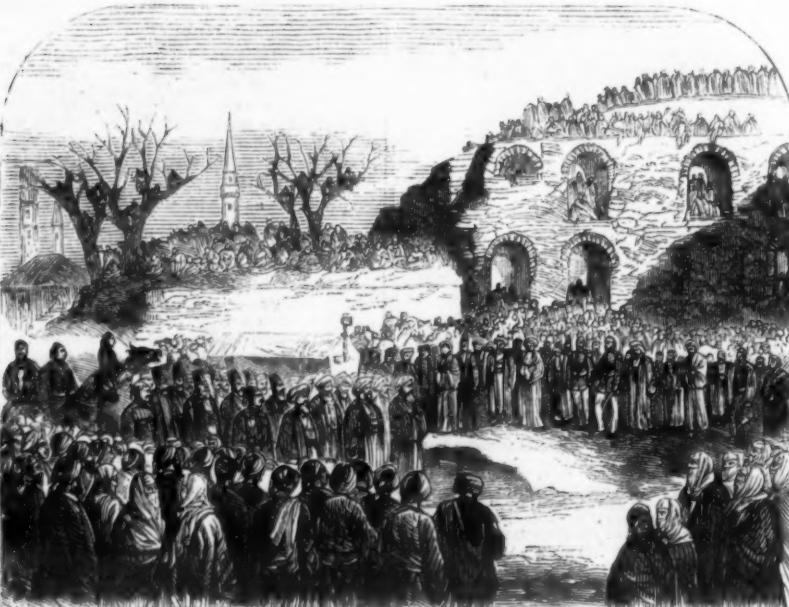
OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT RACE, ENGLAND—THE START FROM PUTNEY.



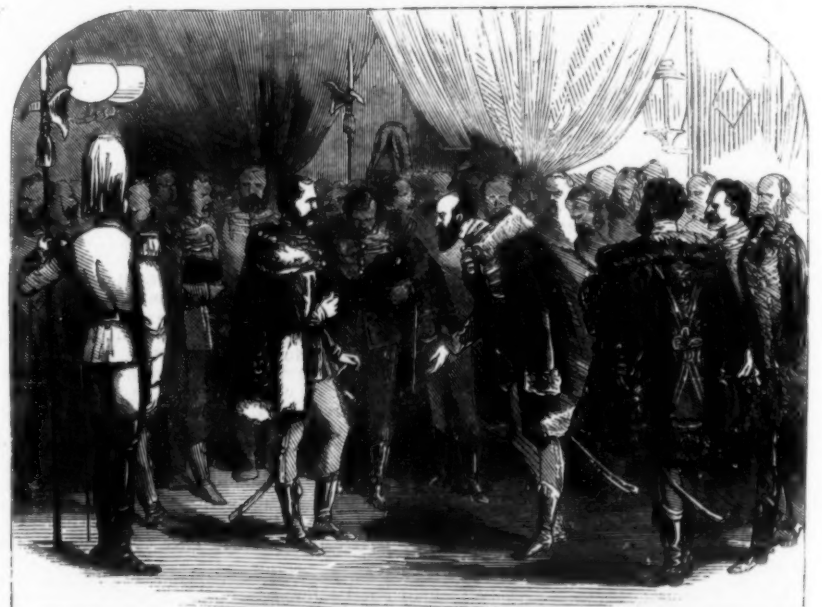
EXPLOSION AT A FACTORY OF CHEMICALS, PLACE SORDONNE, PARIS, FRANCE.



THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ MARITIME CANAL—IRMAILIA AND THE FRESH WATER CANAL.



FUNERAL OF FUAD PASHA, AT CONSTANTINOPLE.



ARRIVAL OF FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, AT AGRAM, HUNGARY.



INAUGURATION OF HOUSES FOR WORKING-CLASSES, AT AMIENS, FRANCE.



WOOD PURVEYORS OF A TYROLEAN SCHOOL.



HON. JOHN JAY, U. S. MINISTER TO AUSTRIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. B. BRADY.
SEE PAGE 99.



HON. ANDREW G. CURTIN, U. S. MINISTER TO RUSSIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M'CLEES.
SEE PAGE 110.

Incidents of Travel in Texas Since the War.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL,
AUTHOR OF "ST. LEGER," "UNDERCURRENTS," "WAS HE SUCCESSFUL," "HENRY POWERS," ETC., ETC.

IV.

My sleep was sound without being refreshing. It was disturbed by confused and disagreeable

"No; they are just waking, but I have been up for an hour, and thought I would call you."
"Case?" I exclaimed very seriously.
"Well."
"This is a more than I bargained for."
"I know it," said my friend. "I had no idea it was to be anything but a lively chase after a few thieving Indians and half-breeds, who spend their time running off horses. Am very sorry I asked you to come along."

"Not that," I replied. "But don't you think this is going to be a serious business?"
"I do, indeed," answered Case.
"From what I can learn since I came to Texas," I continued, "they seem to regard horse-stealing as the worst crime that can be committed."
"If not the worst crime, it certainly receives the severest punishment," was the reply, "and for a very good reason. Nothing can be easier

than for two or three scoundrels to select and drive off your best horses, which roam at large over the prairies. To apprehend the thieves and send them to jail to await trial would be holding out a premium for such depredations. No jail about here would hold them a week. It has been tried too often. So the inhabitants take the law in their own hands."
"And the penalty for horse-stealing is—"
"Hanging," said Case, dryly, "whereby we

UNION HOME AND SCHOOL, FOR THE CHILDREN OF DECEASED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS, CARMANSVILLE, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 107.



THE EXTERIOR.



THE RECEPTION ROOM.

dreams. At one time I was back in New York, in my accustomed place behind the counter at Stewart's, replying to an angelic young creature, who had inquired the price of a handsome scarf. Suddenly the scene changed, and I was brought side by side with Uncle Zeke, with whom I was galloping madly into the very midst of an armed band of Indians. These a little later were changed into our own company of rangers, who were keeping guard around a tree, from one of whose branches depended the lifeless form of Jock Martin. Suddenly the same Jock stood before me, and presented a revolver to my heart, while he screamed out with horrid oaths:

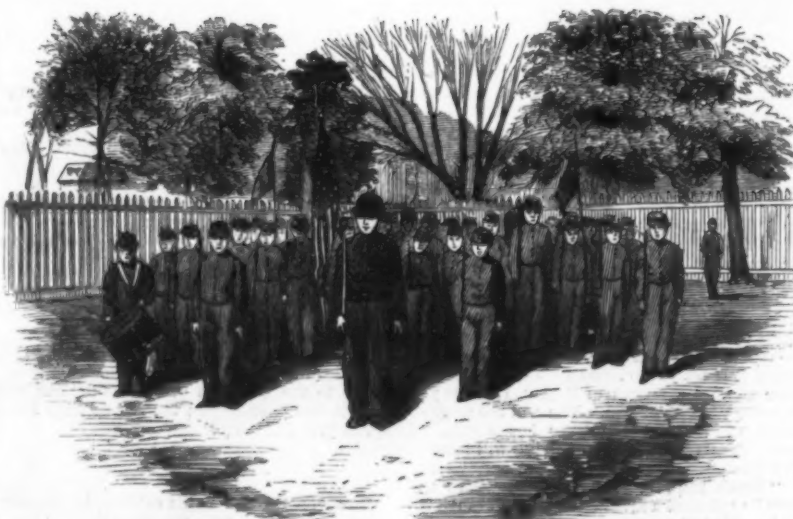
"I'll teach a Northern renegade to come South to hunt down innocent men!"
He fired as he spoke.

I started up, and saw Case standing over me, looking much amused.

"I thought I never should wake you," he said. "One of the boys just risked a long shot at a turkey, and you started as if you were frightened out of your wits."

"Reason enough," I replied, "for the start. I was dreaming that a villainous revolver was exploded right through and through me."

My friend laughed heartily.
"It is not late, is it?" I asked.



THE PLAYGROUND—THE MILITARY DRILL.

get rid of desperate characters, and have a peaceable neighborhood."

"And do you approve of this sort of thing?" I asked, in some astonishment.

"I neither approve nor disapprove," said Case. "I only know we are living here without any efficient protection from the laws of the land. We are still unreconstructed. We have really an excellent community of hard-working, industrious, temperate people. They look rough, and are not very refined in their manners, but the more you see of them, the better you will like them. It is a well-understood thing that we make quick work with all desperadoes, when we get hold of them. A few months ago a family moved into the village, that was reported to come from the Louisiana border, where you encounter a very hard set. Strange stories followed them. Circumstances began to look very suspicious, until it was decided to warn them away. The warning was given, and they decamped. Now, this Jock Martin has been for some time an object of distrust. He does not work. He goes off to Waco periodically, and comes back with plenty of money. But he provides very badly for his family, who are extremely destitute. Candidly, I think his time is up."

"You don't mean they will murder him?"

"I did not say 'murder,'" replied my friend, tartly, "and I don't think you had better say it."

"It is a terrible state of things! Don't you think so?"

"Possibly, possibly not?" was the answer. "As you and I are from New York," continued Case, "we know what a record of crime we used to read every morning in the daily papers, and what a record of corruption. Yet there you have good laws and all the machinery of legal proceedings, judges and secure prisons. I sometimes think you will have a vigilance committee in New York yet. At any rate I feel quite as secure here without drawing a bolt, as I used to there, and a great deal happier."

While this conversation was going on, the different members of our little party were rousing themselves, and the sun, now coming up out of the prairie, threw his rays over stream and camping-ground, shining on the little gable window whence the ruffian had pointed his murderous weapon, but which now presented a perfectly peaceful aspect. The guard still maintained its vigilant watch, though nothing had occurred during the night to interfere with its duties. A couple from our company rode away a little while before this, on some apparent errand.

They came back in about half an hour, with a pretty good supply of corn-dodger, which enabled all moderately to break their fast. It was procured, as I learned, at a negro cabin near by, and certainly was very acceptable.

All this time Uncle Zeke continued to sleep. No one had ventured to rouse him till the corn-dodger was produced. This was the signal for a general muster, and after that a consultation was held in relation to the wretch inside, who had at no time given signs of being awake.

Travers, who had so pertinaciously espoused the cause of the accused, showed signs, I thought, of yielding. He was himself, as I was told, a very decent fellow, but had been a good deal with Jock in hunting excursions, whose free and easy manner had won the friendship of the young Texan. He had, however, satisfied himself that the horse belonging to Miller, which had been found in the bottom near Jock's house, was actually concealed there, and it was difficult even for a true partisan to get over such a damaging fact. Still he was loth to give up a friend.

Dropping the rather defiant position he had assumed the day before when asserting Jock's innocence, he admitted things looked bad. He asked to be permitted to go in and have a talk with Jock. He believed he could induce him to surrender, if assured of fair dealing.

There was not much objection made to this course. Travers consequently went to the door and knocked loudly. It was answered by the reappearance of Jock Martin at the gable window just as on the previous day.

"Jock," cried Travers, "I want to have a talk with you. Open the door. No one shall come in but myself, and no advantage taken."

"Sure?" said Jock, looking toward Uncle Zeke.

The latter nodded his head in assent.

I had now a good sight at the villain by daylight. No one I think could reasonably doubt, from his appearance, his proclivity for stealing horses, or doing any other deed of outlawry. Added to his naturally repulsive and hardened features, was the intense expression always produced in man and beast by being hunted. An expression of desperate hate, coupled with that of mortal agony, not fear, which nature asserts in the supreme moment. Wolves and foxes specially exhibit this; so does the caged desperado before capture.

All understood that Jock would make a fierce fight. Few had any confidence in Travers's mission, but there could be no objection to the attempt.

The man disappeared from the window, and soon after the door was opened and Travers went in. He was absent nearly three-quarters of an hour, when he came out looking decidedly chafffallen.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "I acknowledge my mistake. He is a d—d cowardly sneak. Owns up to everything, and won't surrender."

I did not fully comprehend Travers's statement and sequence, nor in what precisely consisted Jock's delinquency in his friend's eyes. Whether in being a sneak, or in owning up, or in not surrendering; but the company, better educated than I was in this respect, received Travers's report with sensation.

"Where does he say the rest of my horses are?" demanded Miller.

"Waco, probably. His confederate lives down that way."

"So he won't surrender?" exclaimed Uncle Zeke.

"No. I tried hard to persuade him. Allowed he should have a fair trial; told him he might pick his own men out of the company, and I said perhaps they might only run him off. I tell you what it is," continued Travers, who had gained a good deal in importance by his outspoken opinion of Jock's guilt, "I wouldn't stop a minute to palaver, but the fellow has got a decent little woman for his wife, and a couple of young children, both of them girls, and when I come in I found them crying and taking on so, I could hardly hear myself speak. The woman said Jock was from old Kentucky, and never did anything wrong till he got in with them Mississippi gamblers."

"What did Jock say to that?" asked one of our company, sneeringly.

"Not a d—d thing. He knew he was holed, and owned to it, and then he sung dumb. For the sake of the woman and the children, gentlemen," pronounced Travers, with a touch of rude eloquence, "I vote for running him off to the Louisiana line."

"Provided," put in Miller, "my three horses come back from Waco."

"Provided Mr. Miller's three horses come back from Waco," echoed Travers, quickly, thus instantly accepting the proposition.

I think the company were taken by surprise by Miller's acquiescence. It carried the day, however, in favor of the horse-thief, much to my personal relief.

It was then I began to have an appreciative idea of the admirable tact which Travers had displayed in his attempt to save the knave from hanging. It would have done credit to the ingenuity of our best criminal lawyers. The frank, open way in which he came down on the sneak, and the adroit manner in which he alluded to the "wife and children," and especially the quickness with which he accepted Miller's unexpected amendment, challenged my admiration.

Hardly a knave so utterly forsaken that some how and in some way does not possess one friend. Here was an illustration. I think Uncle Zeke understood the whole thing. But Uncle Zeke was not bloodthirsty. He merely asked, "Are you content, Miller?" and receiving an affirmative response, assented himself to the compromise.

The fact is, Miller was particularly anxious to get back his horses, one of which was a very fine stallion, seventeen hands high, which he had imported from the East to increase the size of his stock. To recover this animal he was quite ready to release his mortgage on Jock's neck; and so the expedition against Indians was brought to a close.

Travers returned again into the cabin, and after a full half-hour, reported the terms agreed to. The horse-thief was a cautious negotiator, however, as a man on parley for his life will naturally be. He took his position once more at the gable, and insisted that Uncle Zeke, in presence of the company, should confirm the "convention," as diplomats would say. Jock, I imagine, had little fear of not being able to find the other horses, for he submitted to being bound after being mounted, and he was then transported to the village to await the restoration of the remainder of the plunder.

To finish with the subject while upon it, I remark that the party which separated from us at the ford, to hunt the trail southward, overhauled the three horses a few miles below, where they were staked out for the night. They were in charge of a man, who protested he had bought them of Jock Martin, and paid a good price for them. This did not serve to release him. He also was brought back to the village, in the morning, to be confronted with his accomplice. Both parties arrived at nearly the same time. The matter, as we know, had already been settled. Jock stoutly sustained the innocence of the horse-dealer, and avowed his readiness to pay back the money. It was a very good farce. The reproaches of the buyer, the apologies tendered by Jock, the professed restoration of the cash, were ludicrous enough. The object, of course, was to save the trader's neck, which was certainly in great danger. For in Texas the receiver of stolen horses is counted even worse than the thief.

Milder counsels finally prevailed. The dealer in other men's property was dismissed with a caution not to speculate in horse-flesh any more in that region, and Jock Martin, his wife and two children, after being permitted to get their odds and ends together in a large wagon, which was drawn by a single mule, were started off for the eastern border, having been solemnly warned by Uncle Zeke of the peril they would run if ever heard of within a hundred miles of Hill county.

This episode of Texan life concluded, the company dispersed to their respective avocations, as if nothing unusual had occurred. As the affair terminated, I confess I began to feel less horror of the method in which justice was administered. Here was the commission of the crime, the arrest, trial and punishment, almost within twenty-four hours. It is probable, had the victims been hanged, as might have happened, I should have been dreadfully shocked by the act. It did not so happen, however.

Exceedingly relieved, I rode with Case to his house, where literally a sumptuous repast was got ready, of which we stood in great need. In fact we were famished.

"I suppose you have no lawyers in the county?" I said to Case, when hunger was sufficiently appeased to allow of conversation.

"Lawyers! Plenty of them."

"What possible occasion do you have for those gentlemen?"

"Why," said Case, "you do not suppose we take the law in our own hands on every occasion?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed my friend. "Don't speak so foolishly. It is only to relieve the neighborhood of dangerous and desperate characters that we interfere to protect ourselves. There is a great deal of law business transacted at our courts. It is principally land business—titles, ejectment suits, etc. We have honest judges and honest jurymen, and that's more than can be said of New York, where the only question is, whose purse is the longest."

Case's allusion to the administration of justice in our own city closed my lips. In fact I had not a word to reply.

"I have an invitation for you," continued Case, as we rose from the table.

"For me?"

"Yes. You have completely won our friend Miller's heart. He said to me, as we separated, that you were the real grit, and as you seemed 'kind of delicate like,' he wanted me to ask you to spend a week at his house. He fancies it would agree with you. As I am determined on your making a season of it here, I advise you to accept his invitation. You will see another phase of Texan life. Miller has a splendid *Caviard*, and his manner of living will interest you much."

"Thank you; but pray tell me where and how he got such a favorable opinion of my grit, as he calls it."

"Why, did you not lead the van in company with Uncle Zeke?" said Case, laughing.

"And did not my teeth chatter when the

rascal's rifle was pointed straight at me?" I replied, in the same vein.

"Never mind; no one knows that but me. Your reputation is made. What is more, Uncle Zeke endorses it. You are a lucky fellow."

While enjoying this badinage, the evening stole on us. I was glad to fall in with the Texan habit of going to bed as soon as it was dark, and thus compensate for the severe strain on my nerves occasioned by the scenes of the past thirty-six hours.

FIRST OF MAY IN THE CENTRAL PARK.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE,

My darling, 'tis the First of May,
And well once more we'll make
Our vows on this lone myrtled hill
Beside the little lake:
It is a perfect spot for tryst
Here in the morning's golden mist,
And surely for Love's sake
These sweet young flowers are nursed by May,
Far from all prying eyes away.

Come clasp thy soft white hand in mine,
And let thy love-souled eyes
Again beam o'er my plighted heart
Soft flames of Paradise:
My arm around thy perfect zone,
Again breathe thou art all my own,
My own, to these blue skies—
Thou dost—oh, surely by that bird,
So still before, thy vows were heard.

For list his clear, ecstatic song!—
Such song could only be
From answering Nature's inmost heart;
Stirred by Love's harmony,
And feeling its pure rainbow shrine,
Is the divine of the Divine
That on the Chaos-sea
Smiled once so that rose peopled spheres
To burn with Love through endless years.

But see, the golden veil of mist
Is parting—we will go,
And through the Raimble's romance stray
In Morning's broad full glow,
Then, gladdened be, by many a place
Married to Nature's and Art's grace,
Where willowed waters flow,
That others also drink the hours—
Oh, would their bliss was half of ours!

Now come, my own, sweet, plighted one!
When next May morn we glide
Unto this sacred spot, thou'lt be
My own eternal bride:
Hark! how that glad bird sings again—
He's mated in the rapturous strain—
How pure, intense his pride!
O God, we bless Thee for this shrine
Of Love: 'tis all, 'tis all divine—
One sealing kiss—thou'rt mine! I'm thine—
Forever and forever thine!

THE PRUSSIAN TERROR;

OR,

The Adventures of an Amateur Soldier

BY ALEXANDER DUMAS, SEN.

XXXII.—(CONTINUED.)

"Now, then, my dear friend," continued Benedict, "be quick in your movements, so as not to run counter to the wishes of your amiable General Sturm, and to escape as promptly as possible from a certain prediction, which disturbs me less now, but which still makes me uneasy. Let us go and say good-by to grand-mamma, the baroness, and our little sister Helene, and we won't forget Monsieur the Chevalier Louis de Below, who, at six weeks of age, is already a very interesting personage. After which your friend Benedict will conduct you, in person, to the railway station, will see you to your car, shut the door on you, and remain with you until you are off. Come! go and say good-by!"

Frederick did not wait to be asked twice. He went down-stairs first, and kissed Madame de Below, to whom he told the goodness without seeking to conceal the joy he felt. Then he went to his sister Helene's room, where Karl, when he heard his friend's voice, opened his eyes to look at him. But he kept his longest and tenderest adieux for the baroness and her child. He was kissing the latter for the twentieth time in his cradle, when the same soldier, who had come in search of him before, came to request that he would not take the flags from the antechamber without first entering the general's cabinet and speaking to him once more.

Frederick took leave of his wife, and met Benedict, who was waiting for him, on the stairs.

"What did the soldier want?" asked Benedict, uneasily.

Frederick told him.

Benedict's brow clouded. Then, after reflecting a moment, he said, with a sigh:

"If you listen to me, Frederick, you will not go."

"That is impossible, my dear friend."

"It is not an order; it is a request."

"A request to me from General Sturm is an order. Embrace me, and good-by!"

The two friends embraced on the stairs; then Benedict murmured, as he watched his friend going to the general's apartment: "The first time it was Providence; the second time I fear it will prove Fatality!"

XXXIII.—FATALITY.

THE general was in his cabinet, in the same placid humor, and with the same smiling face.

"I beg your pardon for delaying you, my dear Frederick," he said to the young man,

"after having been so urgent that you should

start at once; but I have a little favor to request of you."

Frederick bowed.

"You know that General Manteuffel has levied a contribution of twenty-five millions of florins on the city?"

"Yes, I know that," said Frederick, "and it is a very heavy burden for a poor city which contains at the outside but forty thousand inhabitants."

"Good!" exclaimed Sturm; "you may say seventy-two thousand."

"No; of real Frankforters, there are but forty thousand; the other thirty-two thousand that you reckon as inhabitants of the city are foreigners."

"That does not concern us," said Sturm, beginning to show signs of impatience. "The statistics say seventy-two thousand, and General Manteuffel has calculated upon seventy-two thousand."

"If, however, he is mistaken," said Frederick, with the greatest gentleness, "it seems to me that it is for those who are entrusted with the execution of his orders, to correct his error."

"That is no business of ours. They told us seventy-two thousand inhabitants, therefore there are seventy-two thousand inhabitants. They told us twenty-five millions of florins, therefore it is twenty-five millions of florins. And here is what is taking place. Imagine that the Senators have held a session, and declared that we may burn the city, if we like, but that they will not pay the contribution."

"I was present at the deliberation," said Frederick, quietly; "it was characterized by great dignity."

"Ta, ta, ta, ta," said Sturm. General Manteuffel, previous to his departure, ordered General de Roeder to collect the twenty-five millions of florins. De Roeder has notified the city that it must pay them. It is idle for the Senate to pass resolutions; that in nowise concerns us. De Roeder came to see me just now, and I said to him: 'Don't disturb yourself about that. My chief of staff, who married at Frankfort, knows the city thoroughly, and can tell the exact amount of every one's fortune. He will give us the address of twenty-five millionaires. There are twenty-five millionaires, are there not, at Frankfort?'"

"There are more than that," replied Frederick.

"Well, then, we will begin by visiting their strong-boxes. We will make the rest of the citizens pay the balance."

"Then you have reckoned upon me," inquired Frederick, with a slight trembling in his voice, "to denounce those whom you intend to pillage?"

"I thought you would have no hesitation in giving me twenty-five names and addresses. Sit down, my dear fellow, and write."

Frederick sat down, took the pen, and wrote:

"My honor is opposed to my becoming the denouncer of my fellow-citizens; I, therefore, request the honorable Generals de Roeder and Sturm to apply to some other than myself for the information they require."

"Frankfort, July 22d, 1866."

Then rising and bowing profoundly to the general, he handed him the paper.

"Well, what is that?" asked Sturm.

"Read it, general," said Frederick.

The general read it, and looked at his chief of staff.

"Aha!" said he; "is that the way you answer when I make a request? We will see what you will answer when I give an order. Sit down there and write."

"I never take back what I have said, when I think I have spoken in accordance with the honor of my name and the dignity of my person. The king placed me with you, as chief of staff, and not as fiscal agent. Order me to carry a position and I will carry it; order me to charge a battery and I will charge it; but my obligation to obey stops there."

"I have promised to give General de Roeder a list of the rich bankers of Frankfort. I told him that you would furnish this list, and he is to send for it in an hour. What answer shall I make him?"

"You will reply, general, that I have refused to furnish it."

Sturm folded his arms and advanced toward Frederick. "Do you think, baron," he said, "that I will permit a man under my orders to refuse me anything?"

"I think that you will reflect that what you ask of me is not only unjust, but dishonorable, and that you will thank me for having refused. Let me go, general, and send for a police officer instead: he will not refuse you, for what you ask him will be in accordance with his functions."

"Monsieur the Baron," answered Sturm, "I was sending to the king a worthy servant, for whom I requested a reward. I cannot reward a man against whom I have cause of complaint. Give me back the letter to his Majesty."

Frederick drew the letter from his bosom and threw it contemptuously on the desk.

The general's face became purple, the spots which covered it turned livid, and his eye flashed fire. "I will write to the king," cried Sturm, furious, "and he shall know how he is served by his officers."

"Write on your side, monsieur, and I will write on mine," answered Frederick; "and he shall know how he is dishonored by his generals."

Sturm sprang aside and seized his horsewhip.

"I think you said dishonored, monsieur," he said; "I hope you will not repeat the word."

"Dishonored," repeated Frederick, coldly.

Sturm uttered a cry of rage and raised his horsewhip over the young officer; but, seeing Frederick's calmness, he let it drop again.

"He who menaces strikes, monsieur," said Frederick; "it is the same, therefore, as if you had struck me."

He walked to the table where he had been

writing, and wrote a few lines in a firm hand. Then he opened the door of the ante-room and called the officers who were there.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I confide this paper to your loyalty. Read out its contents."

"July 22d, 1866, 25 minutes past 12.

"I resign my commission as an officer in the Prussian army, and chief of staff to General STURM.

FREDERICK DE BELOW."

"What does that mean?" inquired Sturm.

"That means," returned Frederick, "that I am no longer in his Majesty's service, nor in yours, and that you have insulted me. Gentlemen, this man has just threatened me with the horse-whip which he holds in his hand. And, as you have insulted me, you must give me satisfaction. Keep my resignation, gentlemen, and bear me witness that I am free from all military obligation at the moment that I say to monsieur that he is no longer my chief, and that, consequently, I am no longer his subordinate. Monsieur, you have offered me a mortal insult; I will kill you, or you shall kill me."

Sturm burst out laughing. "You tender your resignation?" he said. "Well, I refuse to accept it. Under arrest, monsieur!" he said, stamping his foot and advancing on Frederick. "Under arrest for fifteen days!"

"You have no longer the right to give me any orders, monsieur. I will not go."

Sturm stamped his foot, and made another step toward Frederick. "Under arrest," he repeated.

Frederick took off his epaulets, and contented himself with answering: "It is thirty-five minutes past twelve, monsieur; it is ten minutes since you had the right to speak thus to me."

Sturm, exasperated, livid, foaming at the mouth, raised his whip a second time over the major; but this time he let it fall on his cheek and shoulder.

Frederick, who had restrained himself until then, uttered a cry of rage, sprang back a step and drew his sword.

"Tis well, monsieur; you will not report yourself under arrest," said Sturm; "you will pass, instead, before a council of war. Ah! the imbecile!" he added, bursting into a laugh, "who prefers being shot to giving twenty-five addresses!"

At this impudent burst of laughter from the general, Frederick lost his head completely, and made a rush at Sturm, but the three or four officers whom he had called in interposed, and said, in a low tone:

"Withdraw; we will quiet him."

"And I, gentlemen!" said Frederick; "will you calm me, whom he has struck?"

"We give you our word of honor that we did not see the blow," said the young officers.

"But I have felt it. And as I, too, have given my word of honor that one of us must die, one of us must die. Farewell, gentlemen!"

Two of the officers wished to follow Frederick, and soothe him.

"Thunder and lightning, gentlemen!" said the general; "let no one go out except that madman, whom the provost marshal will know how to find, wherever he may be."

The young officers hung their heads, and Frederick rushed out of the cabinet.

The first person whom he met on the staircase was the old Baroness de Beling.

"Hey! monsieur, what are you doing with your sword drawn?" she asked.

"Ah, that's true, madame," he said, and he sheathed the weapon.

Then he rushed to his wife's chamber, strained her frantically to his bosom, and kissed her; then he kissed the child, lifting it from its cradle, holding it on a level with his head, and looking at it until the tears dimmed his vision; finally, placing it on its mother's bosom, he took them both in his arms, kissed them both, and dashed out of the room.

Five minutes afterward the report of a pistol startled the whole house.

The first to understand it was Benedict, who had gone to Helene's room; the vague anticipation of danger had made him the most anxious.

Karl opened his eyes at the noise, and pronounced the name of Frederick. It seemed as though, nearer to death than the others, he had received, through it, information of what had happened.

Benedict responded to this name of Frederick by a cry of terror, for he could not forget the fatal prediction he had made him, and, rushing out of the room, he crossed the landing, and tried Frederick's door. It was locked on the inside. Benedict kicked it open, and saw Frederick stretched on the floor, his hand still holding the pistol with which he had killed himself.

On the table was a paper in his handwriting. It contained these words:

"Struck in the face by General Sturm, who has refused to give me satisfaction, I am unwilling to live dishonored. My last wish is that my wife, in widow's weeds, should depart this evening for Berlin, and ask of her Majesty the Queen the remission of this contribution of twenty-five millions of florins, which the city, I pledge my honor, is unable to pay. The thought that she has contributed to save her native city from ruin and desolation will alleviate the pain which my death will cause my widow."

"I bequeath to my friend Benedict the task of avenging me."

"FREDERICK, BARON DE BELOW."

Benedict had scarcely finished reading this paper, when he heard a dolorous cry behind him. He turned round, and had barely time to catch Madame de Below in his arms.

The young wife, hearing the report of the pistol, recollecting Frederick's agitation and tears—agitation and tears which she had at first attributed to his grief at parting with her—had been struck with a sudden terror. The report of the pistol had seemed to proceed from her husband's chamber. She had left her own,

ascended to his, and saw from the door—dreadful spectacle!—her Frederick weltering in his blood.

Benedict let her slip gently through his arms, until she fell on her knees near her husband's corpse; then, as he saw the old Baroness de Beling, who had also been attracted by the noise, he left the mother and daughter near the inanimate body of his friend, carrying the dead man's will with him.

He found Helena standing uneasily at the door of her room.

"It is Karl whom we expected to die," he said to her, "and it is Frederick for whom we must weep! but be cautious, for the slightest emotion may kill Karl. You are strong, and Frederick is your brother-in-law only; so no tears. Weep for him in your heart, and don't let Karl know that his friend is dead."

Helena turned as white as her dress; she pressed her hand to her heart, and leaned her head on Benedict's shoulder.

"And so?" she said.

"Frederick has just killed himself," said Benedict. "Go and give him the last kiss which a sister owes her brother. Then come back to Karl, and don't disturb yourself about anything. Your sister has a mission to accomplish, and she will accomplish it; I will take care of everything else. I am going to stay with Karl, so that he may not be alone during the ten minutes I give you to weep with your mother and sister."

There was, at certain times, a solemnity in Benedict's voice, and a firmness in his language which compelled obedience. Helene went upstairs, trembling all over, while Benedict took her place at Karl's bedside.

Karl had continued to improve; his eyes were open, and he smiled at Benedict as the latter entered.

NERVOUS RESULTS OF DRINK.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M. D.

ALMOST every person who has by any chance drank somewhat freely, of an evening, spirituous liquors, will remember that the next morning he has paid for this indulgence by headache, nausea, general malaise—one or all, and combined with either or all, a general nervousness more or less indescribable when slight, but when more pronounced, characterized by a kind of tremor, an unsteadiness in actions, with a want of the general nicety in manipulation that was ordinary to the individual.

In hard drinkers this becomes so exaggerated that an early dawn immediately upon rising before breakfast, and probably another shortly after, and in hard cases, a third before going down to business, will be requisite, in order to attain such a steadiness of nerves as to enable the unfortunate shaker to commence the routine business of the day—so to strengthen his head as to enable him to guide his pen, touch his piano-keys accurately, or even to sit still in a decorous manner.

Now, when one of these men of excessive drinking habits has, in addition to this constant stimulus, some extra excitement, a business crisis, a speculative fever, which keeps his mind on the stretch, and his night's rest broken by plans and projects—sometimes resulting from the languor following a severe debauch which has deranged the stomach and bowels—then we find this nervous trembling greatly increased, his hand shakes so that he cannot with certainty carry a tumbler to his mouth, his tongue trembles so that he can scarcely protrude it. Connected with this is more or less aberration of mind; there is delirium in his dreams, even if he be conscious in his waking moments; or he does not sleep at all, and his delirium is imperfect, with some method to his madness. Sometimes the poor fellow has not closed his eyes for days, his face is scarlet, his eyes injected and glassy. He talks, or more often mutters, incessantly; sometimes he is furious and loud in his tones, his hands are constantly fidgeting, picking at something, at imaginary vermin. He is bathed in sweat, sometimes of a very offensive odor. His pulse is high and hard. He has many of the characteristics of brain fever; but if a mistake be made, and he be treated with the vigor necessary for treating successfully the inflammation of the brain, the result will be very generally unfortunate. Inflammation is a disease coming from over-health; delirium tremens is the result of debility from the using up of the nervous energies by excess, and requires an opposite treatment.

In this, as in every disease, but rather more marked, the great point is to come to a certainty in regard to the character of the disease, where another of a directly opposite nature has many of the external manifestations identical. The treatment of delirium tremens consists entirely in producing rest and quiet—in soothing the brain. In fact, there is no so formidable appearing disease where there is so much necessity for a competent physician—one who knows enough, and has reputation enough to do the little that is required promptly and energetically, and not to do any more in order to please friends or make a show of science.

Thirty years ago, when a student in the Boston Poor-House, House of Correction, and Lunatic Asylum, then under one medical head, I saw an immense amount of this disease. Many of them were street drunkards, whose only home was the poor-house; others, convicts sent for short terms. Our first duty was to examine for any complications, the result of exposure. Lung disease was the most to be feared. If we found none, we gave them a dose of senna and salts, and afterward cold water, *ad libitum*, and nothing else. The poor parching sufferers drank thus a gallon or more a day, and it streamed out from every pore in their bodies, and seemed to wash out every vestige of disease, and they never died. I say this advisedly. I never knew a case of uncomplicated delirium

tremens to die. But I think that equal success is attained with greater rapidity, and with more comfort to the patient, by treatment with opiates in large doses, or sufficient to allay the nervous irritation. Chloroform has been recommended to quell the paroxysms, but is too dangerous a remedy to be employed generally in this disease. I have been fearfully alarmed by its culminating influence several times, and I use it only with the greatest reluctance in these cerebral excitements. Morphine in adequate doses is both safe and reliable—not administered timidly or without careful watching.

It is especially necessary to add that, under no circumstances is spirits, in any form, to be given. When delirium tremens is threatened, the use of spirits should not be entirely and suddenly discarded; but after the disease has appeared there is no gain in continuing it, and no fears may be entertained of completely cutting it off. All the injury that can be, is already done.

In fact, if a man once gets to having the awful disease, neither his friends nor he himself should ever permit another drop to pass his lips. If he has not the moral force to cut it square off, then let him sentence himself to the Inebriate Asylum, where he may, as Samson waited till his hair was grown, wait till his strength of mind has returned, and he can say "No" to any proposition to again be a slave, again to see devils dancing on his footboard, again to despoil himself, and be a hooting and a by-word. Of all diseases, it is the worst, because self-inflicted, and may be prevented.

Delirium tremens results from excessive drinking of spirits. At least I have never seen it as a consequence of the abuse of wines, or ale, or lager-bier. Excess in wine is rare in this country, and on the Continent is not, to my knowledge, followed by this disease. Possibly it might have caused it, in old times, when three to five bottles of Port, Madeira, or Sherry were an evening's drink for an individual. No such drinkers exist in Europe, and the wine, too, is almost obsolete. Lighter wines have taken their place—Port and Sherry with thirty per cent. of alcohol have given way to Claret and Rhine wines of ten to sixteen per cent. and Champagnes of eight to twelve per cent. There is more excess in lager-bier drinking than in any other except spirits. This abuse disorders the liver and kidneys, produces a fatty, bloated condition, but not nervous irritation.

Pure Champagnes, like Clicquot Veuve and Consular Seal, and an excellent wine, little known, called the Geisler, from its maker—not burdened by sugar, which will ferment in a dyspeptic stomach and turn sour—with but a moderate amount of alcohol, are free from the elements of delirium tremens. They exhilarate but do not irritate the brain. The harmless gas cheers but not inebriates.

Finally, let me add: all the medicines advertised "to cure drunkenness," are not only utterly useless, swindles of the grossest character, but often actually injurious. When they are bread pills or colored water they do no harm, but sometimes they are powerful narcotics, which, if successful in eradicating the love of drink, do it by the substitution of a love of opium or hashish, which are worse than liquor.

The plan of putting the spirits usually drank into every article of food and drink taken by the inebriate, may perhaps have a beneficial effect upon one little addicted to drink, and produce disgust and abstinence, till he begs to have once more a taste of pure, natural food; but the regular rummy will be found to rather like it, and will be kept in one continual boozy condition. For such a one, forced abstinence, followed up by personal desire of reformation, will be the only safety. Not in a disgust of drink, but in an utter contempt of his own degraded self, will salvation be found. This sometimes requires change of scene, the society of persons of a different character, after the forced restraint and prison discipline of a house of reformation or a lunatic asylum.

As a last word, in this fifth and final article on drink, my friend, let me remind you, "Prevention is better than cure."

Christ Church, Binghampton, N. Y.

CHRIST CHURCH, Binghampton, N. Y., is situated on Washington street of that city, and is considered one of the most unique and beautiful structures of its kind in the southern tier of New York. It was completed about the year 1855, at a cost of about \$30,000. The greater portion of the grounds where it is located were originally conveyed to the corporation by the trustees of the famous Bingham estate, from the founder of which this charming city derives its name. It is also, perhaps, worthy of mention, that this same estate likewise donated to this parish about 100 acres of land, situated in the southwestern part of the city, which were sold by the Church in the more youthful days of Binghampton, and which, if they were to-day possessed by the parish, would be worth nearly three times the cost of the present edifice.

This Church was founded about the year 1812, and the present structure has been preceded in succession by two less prepossessing buildings.

The clergymen who have from time to time officiated in this parish are the Rev. Messrs. Gear, Adams, Huse, Shimeall, Robertson, Andrews, Beach, Lightner, and Platt, all of whom are supposed to be living except the Rev. Dr. Andrews, for years an illustrious and beloved landmark of the Church, and also the late gifted rector, the Rev. Mr. Platt, whose decease has so recently filled the hearts of this congregation with sadness, and whose portrait is printed with this number. The vacancy thus caused will, probably, ere long be filled, and it is earnestly trusted that under the guidance of the new rector, through the blessing of a merciful Providence, this Church, with its large number of communicants, may continue prospering and to prosper, in keeping with the growth of the beautiful city where it is located.

This parish is, and has been, greatly indebted, from time to time, and especially in its recent affliction, to the valuable services of the venerable Rodman Lewis, chaplain United States Navy, who is a resident of Binghampton.

The Andaluza and the Mary Lowell.

At the time of the capture of the brig Mary Lowell, from New York, in the Bahaman waters, by the Spanish war steamer Andaluza, it was the intention of the Spanish captain to open fire on the brig, and, in fact, the order had been given and twice repeated; but one of the subordinate officers, foreseeing the consequences of the act, and being of colder blood than his commander, placed his hand over the cap and prevented the execution of the hasty command. If the brig had been fired upon, it is probable that the United States would have been precipitated into a war with Spain.

OUTRAGE ON THE AMERICAN FLAG.

COMMANDER S. FILLIBROWN, commanding the United States steamer Narragansett, reports, under date of the 7th instant, from Havana, particulars of two passengers, Cubans, having been taken out of the American schooner Lizzie Major, ten leagues from the coast of Cuba, by the Spanish frigate Fernando Catolico, and imprisoned. The two persons were named D. Santiago A. Annible and Don Ramon S. Rivas. It seems that they took passage on the Lizzie Major at Havana, for New Orleans. The schooner touched at Remedios, took in a cargo, and sailed on the 26th of March for her destination. She was boarded the same day by the Spanish frigate, as above stated. The prisoners were carried back to Remedios, and incarcerated. One of them is a lad about ten years of age. They were visited in prison by Mr. Stone, the United States consular agent at that port, who made a demand upon the commandant of the province for their release. This the commandant did not feel authorized to do without orders from superior authority. The case having been made known to Mr. Hall, the United States Vice Consul General in Cuba, he has ordered a thorough investigation to be made. The ground of the arrest is said to be that the names of the passengers were not on the manifest of the schooner.

THE EXECUTION OF LEON AND MEDINA, AT HAVANA.

THE subject of our illustration is described as follows by a correspondent of the New York Herald more fully than in the letter that accompanied the sketch from which our picture is taken:

Havana, April 9, 1869.

Some two months since a depository of hidden arms was discovered by the police in Figueras street; in removing them an affray occurred, in which one policeman was killed and another severely injured. These were subsequently arrested—Theodore Cabias, an American citizen; Francisco Leon, who had declared his intentions to become one, and Augustin Medina, a creole. On investigation, the former was discharged. The other two were tried by due process of law, convicted, and sentenced to be garroted. Great efforts were made in their behalf, particularly Leon's. The American Consul, Mr. Hall, interested himself in the matter, and endeavored to obtain a commutation from Dulce, but without success. The day before the execution he telegraphed to the Washington Government, asking, through it, the intervention of Madrid, in the name of humanity. All efforts were vain, however, and yesterday morning the two suffered the extreme penalty, amid a scene which was probably never equaled before on this Continent.

It is said that before Leon left the prison he shook hands with an insurgent there confined, who remarked to him, "Remember, Leon, what you promised us." The execution took place at the Punta, in front of the prison, at the very unusual hour of eleven. A large force of volunteers, cavalry and infantry, was on the ground, and the open space around was completely filled by an immense concourse of excited people, both creoles and Spaniards. Trouble had been generally predicted, but nothing could keep this excitable populace from a scene promising so much. Leon's bearing was the admiration of every one, both friend and foe. Reaching the scaffold, he ran up the stairs with a lively air and agile step, to the evident surprise of the priest who accompanied him, and whom he turned to assist to reach the platform. A slight altercation immediately took place between them. The priest was evidently disuading him from speaking. He persisted, however, and, turning to the crowd, said: "Repentance will allow me to address you. I have sinned against society, and I hope the public will pardon me for it. *Viva España!*"

This created the greatest astonishment, and the volunteers and Spaniards manifested their gratification by loud huzzas. This, however, turned out to be a mere stratagem to gain attention and be allowed to speak. A silence most profound followed. Advancing, he exclaimed in a hurried but perfectly clear tone, "I am the victim of oppression, but I have done my duty to my country;" then raising his voice, shouted, "*Viva Cuba libre! Viva la independencia! Viva Céspedes!*" The drummers, ordered to drown any seditious remarks, were too much taken aback to perform their duty, and his speech was finished before they could recover themselves. The effect of his bearing and cries upon the Cubans in the crowd was magical; a hundred voices responded, "*Viva Céspedes!*" "*Viva Cuba libre!*" The scene that followed beggars description, and can only be likened to those recorded by historians as taking place during the French revolution. The noise was like the roaring of waters; long, glittering knives, swords and bayonets flashed in the air, and troops and people seemed agitated by a very ecstasy. Soon the volunteers commenced firing, which was returned by some of the crowd, the greater portion of which began to melt away through the streets leading from the scene.

Meanwhile the execution was hurried through with, Leon, as he seated himself and the death-collar was placed about his neck, seeming to glory in the confusion he had created. He gestured as he could with his bound arms, and his mouth was seen to open until the executioner gave the fatal turn. Soon after, his lifeless, bleeding body, which seemed to crouch and cower as it was removed, was placed aside for the other victim. He, too, was calm and collected, and endeavored to make himself heard by the crowd, but in vain, as the noise was too great. He was hurried to the chair, and, when nearly seated, with that attention to minutiae sometimes noticed in those about to die, straightened himself, glanced at the chair, turned it a little with his bound hands, and sat down. In twenty seconds he was a corpse. All this time the scene of confusion continued, maddened shouts and shrieks were heard, some were fleeing, and others, thinking this the more dangerous, crowded near the volunteers, shouting "*Viva España!*" and making other demonstrations calculated to create the impression that they were good Spaniards.

THE DOUBLE BANKRUPTCY.

"Hold off your hand, hard-hearted wretch!
This man is not for thee!
His age is three score years and ten,
And he's in debt to me!"

"He owes you money—me his life.
Come, aged friend!" he saith;
"Come to my quiet prison house,
Come to the peace of DEATH;"

"This huckster acts from base revenge,
And I from love divine!"
The old man sighed and breathed his last,
"DEATH! only friend! I'm thine!"

HON. JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, U. S. MINISTER TO GREAT-BRITAIN.

The name of the gentleman recently nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate as our representative at the Court of St. James is one not unknown to fame, nor without honorable distinction in the world of letters.

John Lothrop Motley was born in Dorchester, Mass., April 15, 1814. After graduating at Harvard College in 1833, he passed a number of years in Europe, partly as a student at the Universities of Berlin and Göttingen, and partly in traveling on the Continent. It was doubtless at this period that his attention was first drawn to that branch of historical research on which rests his chief renown, and for the successful pursuit of which the knowledge of German literature then acquired was an indispensable preliminary. Upon his return to the United States he devoted himself to the study of law, and in 1837 was admitted to the Bar. This profession he, however, soon abandoned, and the next thirty years of his life were passed chiefly in literary pursuits.

In 1840 he revisited Europe for a few months as Secretary of Legation to the Russian Embassy, and contributed a number of historical papers to leading American periodicals. In 1851 he once more returned to Europe in search of material for a work which he had long contemplated, and which, on its appearance in 1855, at once placed the author in the first rank of modern historians—"The Rise of the Dutch Republic." He received in 1860 the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford, and LL.D. from Harvard, and in the same year a part of his sequel to "The Dutch Republic," "The History of the United Netherlands, etc.," was issued, the concluding volumes following in 1865. He was appointed Minister to Austria in November, 1861, which position he occupied until 1867, when, on the occasion of the miserable McCracken affair, he tendered his resignation. From the cheerfulness with which this was accepted by Mr. Seward, it almost seemed as if vacancies being desired by some of the European missions, a trap was laid for the incumbents, into which some of them, Mr. Motley among the number, fell. The cleverness of the device might have warned a more wary diplomatist of the latent danger; but it speaks highly for Mr. Motley's sense of personal honor that he instantly resented the attack on his integrity and loyalty, when the contemptible author of it was raised into importance by being patted on the back by the Secretary of State at Washington.

It is not a little singular that this discreditable piece of Mr. Seward's diplomacy should be hushed up in the way it has. Perhaps the archives of the office of the Secretary of State may throw some light on the mystery of this McCracken affair, and show whether such a person really existed, or whether he was not, as many suppose, purely mythical. Certainly the attempt to establish a system of espionage over our representatives abroad has not met with public favor, and it is evident that among those

best qualified to judge of Mr. Motley's character, he has not suffered from Mr. Seward's spiteful efforts to injure and degrade him.

At the same time it is but fair to say that it is a question open to debate whether a purely literary reputation be the most desirable recommendation for our Minister to England. We say this without the slightest disparagement to all that Mr. Motley did during his visit to Vienna. While there, it is evident that he conducted the matters entrusted to him with prudence and discretion, while his social influence (no small matter in diplomacy) was upheld by the charm of dignified manners, aided by an intimate knowledge of the language spoken at the Court to which he was accredited. But at Vienna all that our Minister has to do is to represent the dignity and influence of the United States. It is but rarely that any subject of dispute can arise. Austrian politics lie far apart from ours. They move in a different orbit, have different springs of action, and tend to different results. With such diver-

gences, disputes of more or less importance, which require for their settlement not alone the most perfect tact, but also a very intimate acquaintance with that branch of jurisprudence, commonly known as the laws of nations. We will not assert that Mr. Motley's attainments in this respect are not of the highest order, or allow ourselves to doubt that if he has not hitherto displayed them, it has only been for want of opportunity. But it must occur to every one, that in proportion as the historical works on which Mr. Motley's fame rests approach to perfection, so he stands to a disadvantage as compared with other men, whose habits and modes of life have made them intimate with the secret springs of modern diplomacy.

There are not wanting instances of great historians being also great negotiators. But these have been when the histories were of their own times, or of events in which they were themselves immediately concerned. To go back two hundred years; to trace out trains of causes of which the evidences exist only in

less fit to grapple with the live questions of the present day.

Some of our contemporaries have not hesitated to assume the affirmative of this position. We see no reason, however, to warrant such a conclusion, and we cannot be so false to the cause of literature as to believe that its professors, in whatever branch, should be necessarily unfitted for the walks of diplomacy. Perhaps the success of our experiment may stimulate England to follow our example. Her Grotes and Froudes may be deemed worthy of something higher than the drudgery of professors' chairs, though we should be sorry to see, as was actually proposed on a public occasion in Liverpool, that the compliment of sending Mr. Motley to St. James was reciprocated by sending Mr. Dickens to Washington.

Mr. Motley will probably be saved a great part of the labor of his immediate predecessors, by finding the question of the Alabama claims removed from his care. It is tolerably certain that overtures to a settlement will not come from the British Government, and some time will elapse before any are made by us. There are many good reasons why the question should, for the present, be left in abeyance, and when the time comes for a peaceful settlement, it will be best effected, as the Boundary question was, by some competent person being sent expressly to Washington for the purpose. Stripped of this intricate and difficult question, we can imagine no reason why Mr. Motley's mission should not prove highly honorable to himself, and most agreeable to the English Government.

THE WIND.

ASTRONOMERS have often pointed out how different, physically, life must be, if there be life at all, on worlds like our moon, which do not possess any atmosphere. It is not only that there would be no lungs and no breath, and, therefore, to all different arrangements for nourishing the body, but it is difficult to conceive even of diffused fluids in a world where there is no atmospheric pressure to prevent such diffused fluids from passing immediately into vapor. Put a vessel of water under the receiver of an air-pump, and as the air is exhausted the water rises at once in a cloud of vapor. There could certainly be no clouds in a world without an atmosphere, no refracted and few reflected lights; no flying shadows, few natural effects, such as our earthly poets most love; no glories of sunset and of dawn, assuredly no Claudes, if there were artists of any sort; no rivers, no ocean, no wind, no vegetable life of the kind that needs air and moisture, clearly no "leafy springs." Again, there could be no language like ours, and still less music—we do not mean merely wind instruments—for all articulate speech depends upon the air, both as a partial cause and as the conducting medium of sound; and all hearing depends upon the vibrations of the waves of sound, which the air transmits, on the membrane of the ear. It would be possible, indeed, to conceive of a party in such a world communicating with each other by lying on the ground, with the ear in close contiguity to the earth, and communicating by vibrations struck on, and transmitted through, the solid substance of the earth itself, but that is a process which bears extremely little analogy to that of human language or music. In a word, conceive any world of life without an atmosphere, and you conceive one whose whole literature would be scarcely intelligible to us—a literature into which half the conceptions of our poets would be untranslatable, which would know nothing of wings and flight, nothing of birds, or trees, or flowers, nothing of winds or waves, except, perhaps, the solid waves of earthquake; nothing of ships, nothing of flute, or harp, or song, or minstrelsy, nothing of clouds, and rain, and tempest; nothing of "the breath of life," and, finally, nothing of "aspiration," or "inspiration."



HON. J. LOTHROP MOTLEY, U. S. MINISTER TO ENGLAND.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. R. BRADY.

ence of interests, it is almost impossible that we should clash, and hence it is that the mission to Vienna may be acceptably filled by any gentleman of ordinary prudence, if to this be added refined literary or artistic tastes and courteous manners.

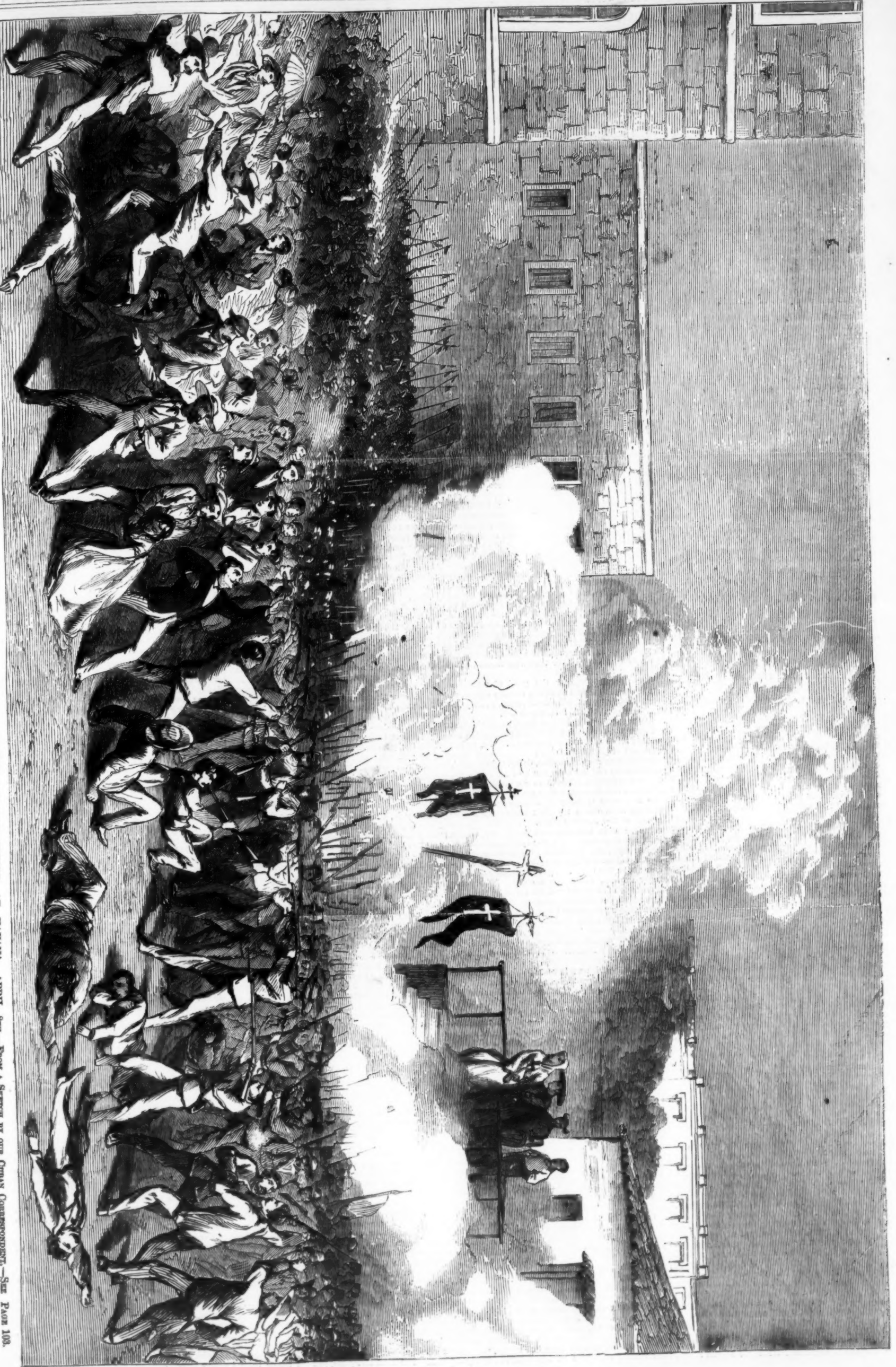
Far different is it with the mission to England. We will not deny that it might be very pleasant if the rivalries and jealousies of nations could be so moderated and harmonized that the negotiations of their affairs could with safety be committed to men who had distinguished themselves in literature and art. But while such an Utopia is far off, we are bound, as practical people, to consider affairs as they actually are, and not as we would like them to be. Even supposing the chief questions of the day in our national intercourse with Great Britain amicably settled, it is plain that in the eager competition of the two peoples—for in spite of Reverdy Johnson's platitudes, we are two peoples, and not one—there must constantly

almost forgotten MSS.; to reconcile conflicting and often contradictory assertions of matters of fact; to become intimately acquainted with the topography of the places described, and to be able to explain the changes made by the ravages of time; to live, as it were, among the personages of the history till, by familiarity with their daily life, they seem to become living and actual beings, and then to be able to transfer all to paper in such glowing colors that readers shall feel as the historian has felt, shall share the joys and sorrows of the hero, shall kindle with indignation against his oppressors, and rejoice with him in his victories—all this seems to us a supreme effort of genius, yet it is one to which Mr. Motley has risen successfully.

It remains to be seen whether the concentration of the mind for a number of years on the events of a past age, with an intensity of application which alone could bring out the effects seen in Mr. Motley's histories, renders him any

membrane of the ear. It would be possible, indeed, to conceive of a party in such a world communicating with each other by lying on the ground, with the ear in close contiguity to the earth, and communicating by vibrations struck on, and transmitted through, the solid substance of the earth itself, but that is a process which bears extremely little analogy to that of human language or music. In a word, conceive any world of life without an atmosphere, and you conceive one whose whole literature would be scarcely intelligible to us—a literature into which half the conceptions of our poets would be untranslatable, which would know nothing of wings and flight, nothing of birds, or trees, or flowers, nothing of winds or waves, except, perhaps, the solid waves of earthquake; nothing of ships, nothing of flute, or harp, or song, or minstrelsy, nothing of clouds, and rain, and tempest; nothing of "the breath of life," and, finally, nothing of "aspiration," or "inspiration."

THE REVOLUTION IN CUBA.—THE EXECUTION OF FRANCISCO LEON AND AUGUSTIN MEDINA, AT THE PUNTA, IN FRONT OF THE PRISON, AT HAVANA, APRIL 28th.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR CUBAN CORRESPONDENT.—SEE PAGE 103.



"UNKNOWN."

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Around me the red-lipped clover
Was kissed by the wanton breeze,
And the humming-bird hung over
The wind-flower's chalice.
And the grass grew tall in the shadow—
The strawberries blushed in the sun,
And over the rippling meadow
The birds flew, one by one.

Low in the blossoming clover,
Almost hidden away
Neath the red flowers, bending over,
A headboard, mossy and gray.
I knelt by that grave in the meadow,
Where the battle-winds had blown,
And read in the tremulous shadow,
The sorrowful word—"Unknown!"

I thought of the soldier fallen
On that red battle plain—
Did he think of home and dear ones
As he lay among the slain?
Perhaps he whispered over
Some dearest name of all,
As he lay in the trampled clover—
But she came not at his call.

I fancied I saw him dying,
With the moonlight on his face,
And I heard the breezes sighing
About the hallowed place.
And my tears kept falling, falling
Upon the flowers like rain,
As I thought of the soldier calling
His loved ones all in vain.

O grave in the fragrant clover,
What hide you away to-day?
Some mother's pride and darling,
Slain in the terrible fray?
Or hold you some brave, young lover?
And weeps some maiden true
For her brave one under the clover,
In his coat of "Army blue"?

Oh, the graves of our unknown heroes!
They are scattered far and wide;
Some in the lowly valley,
And some on the green hill's side.
And though o'er their resting-places
Is raised up no marble stone,
The God of our battles sees them,
And they are not called "Unknown!"

ASKAROS KASSIS,
THE COPT.

A ROMANCE OF MODERN EGYPT.

BY EDWIN DE LEON,

LATE U. S. CONSUL-GENERAL IN EGYPT.

CHAPTER X.—PERIL AND RESCUE.

WHILE they were dining, the dahabieh had turned, and was rapidly descending the stream on her return. The sail was lowered, and they dropped down with the current, which, as it was the season of high Nile, ran at the rate of some five miles per hour. The crew put in their oars and pulled lustily, keeping time in a sort of rude chant, its words improvised by one of their number, while the others joined in the burden of the song in a sort of chorus. This scarce awakened an echo from the flat banks of the river, but sounded musically over the water. The boatmen wore only the coarse blue shirt and fez cap of the country, their brawny arms, chests and legs bare, and resembling bronze statues more than men: moving backward and forward all together, with the regularity of machinery, at the dip and stroke of their oars.

And so the dahabieh glided down the current with her freight, until near Boulak the whole party came out upon the upper deck to enjoy the fresh evening air; for the sun was rapidly declining, and the fiery splendor of noonday was succeeded by the softened shadows of coming night. Suddenly Edith uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure.

"Oh, how lovely!" she exclaimed, pointing to Rhoda Island, just then coming into view. "Is that the mirage we have heard of, or is it a real land? It more resembles a glimpse of fairy land. *Uno pezzo di cielo caduto in terra*, as the Italian poet says. What is that lovely spot, and how is it named?"

"That is Rhoda Island," Askaros responded; "and very lovely, indeed, it is, for both nature and art have labored to make it a little paradise. The marble palace you see gleaming yonder, with its steps sloping down to the water, and its terraced gardens of rare exotics in front and rear, is the favorite retreat of Ismail Pasha now, as it was of his father, Ibrahim, formerly. Every inch of this little island of the Nile has been beautified, and all the resources of our Eastern gardeners exhausted. Look at the tasteful little kiosks and pleasure-houses scattered at intervals, and gleaming white through the vistas of trees! Is it not really, as you have said, a fairy-looking spot?"

"It is indeed," answered Edith. Then clasping her hands impulsively together, she said as if to herself, and unconscious of a listener: "Oh! how I should love to visit it!"

"Nothing can be easier," returned Askaros, as though in reply to a remark made to himself. "My dahabieh draws too much water to approach the steps, and the ordinary gate of entrance is closed; but I have attached to this boat a light *caïque*, made on the model of those at Stamboul, in which I can easily take you to Rhoda, if your aunt will accompany you. It will only accommodate four persons, so one of the gentlemen and myself can row you."

A look of sweet entreaty from Edith to the spinster, extracted from her a grim assent

to the proposal; and Sir Charles insisted on being second oar, having been famous in former days as the crack "stroke" of the "Oxford U. B. C."

This being settled, the dahabieh was soon run into the further shore and made fast, while the graceful *caïque*—looking like an Indian bark canoe, only sharper, shallower and slighter—was soon floating like a cork upon the water.

Shutting her eyes, and resigning herself to the inevitable drowning she saw awaited her, Miss Primmins heroically stepped into the frail skiff, which rocked fearfully as she did so, and crouched with Edith on the cushions in the stern. Askaros and the Englishman took the light oars, turned their backs to the ladies, and, with a warning from the Egyptian that neither of them was on any pretense to move from her position, as the *caïque* was very easily upset, they shot out into the stream, struggled a moment against the current, then darted, with birdlike movement, over the rippling waters.

"Very nice, indeed!" said Miss Primmins, leaning forward as she spoke; but suddenly recalled to herself by a dip of the frail bark that almost emptied her into the river—"Good gracious, what a cranky little thing!"

"Be careful!" cried Askaros; "you came near upsetting us that time, Miss Primmins. Sit still if you wish to cross safely; for a dip in the Nile at high water is no joke, I assure you."

Thus admonished, the spinster sat pale and trembling, and her apprehensions were aggravated by the next remark of Sir Charles, who sought to play upon them.

"You asked about crocodiles this morning, Miss Primmins," he said, "but you forgot a far more dangerous creature the Nile often conceals. I mean the hippopotamus! Have seen him in menageries; would be a mighty ugly customer to meet in such an eggshell as this."

"Good heavens!" almost screamed the terrified woman, "You don't mean to tell me, that hideous and terrible creature lives in this river? Turn back, oh good young men, turn back! Put me on shore anywhere!" and she wrung her hands in hysterical terror, not daring otherwise to move.

Askaros was about to reassure the trembling victim, whom the strangeness of her situation, and superadded nervous excitement, deprived of her usual common sense, hard, shrewd and not to be imposed on. But before he could speak, shrill high and keen rang a shriek from Miss Primmins; and turning their heads simultaneously, both men beheld her staring fixedly on a monstrous head, with broad flat nostrils, and wild rolling eyes, that rose slowly above the surface of the stream close to the elbow of the terrified spinster. Then, ere Askaros could shout, "A water-ox! sit still!" he saw the giant form of Miss Primmins precipitate itself forward frantically, felt the frail *caïque* tremble from stem to stern, and the next instant all four were plunged into the swollen and turbid waters of the Nile.

Sir Charles, too, saw the peril at a glance, and turned to clutch at Edith, to save whom, at that moment, was his sole thought, utterly regardless of the peril to his own life.

As though by a lightning flash, at this instant of supreme peril, his own love for her stood revealed for the first time to himself. He would save her or perish with her!

But his heroism was frustrated; for, as he turned, he suddenly felt the bony arms of Miss Primmins tightened around his neck to the verge of suffocation, while the spare form clung to him with the desperate tenacity of a drowning woman, as they went down together under the turbid waters of the rushing river. Wrenching himself free from her desperate death-grip, as the fainting fingers relaxed, but retaining his hold of her hair, the practiced swimmer rose again to the surface, supporting the head of his burden above the water. His eye, thrown despairingly around, could see no other struggling forms upon the surface of the stream; but next instant his dreadful suspense was relieved. The surface bubbled, broke; and the form of Askaros rose from the depths, bearing on his arm the sunny, but dripping head of Edith, its wealth of disheveled curls floating over the breast of her rescuer from the slimy mud of the Nile bed.

The fair girl was insensible, hanging like a dead weight on the supporting arm of the Egyptian, who floated himself and his precious burden as easily as though in his native element; and, with a deep sigh of thankfulness, the Englishman saw that she was safe from immediate peril, under that protection.

"Beware of the under-tow!" shouted Askaros, perceiving him. "Do not try to swim ashore, or to turn back. The deep mud is as treacherous one way as the strong current the other. Keep afloat only, and rescue will soon reach us from the dahabieh. They must have seen our accident."

He was obeyed and his prediction verified before even he expected; for no sooner had the *caïque* been overturned than half a dozen dusky forms plunged from the side of the dahabieh into the water. Seizing on a small boat attached to her stern, they manned it, grasped their oars and pulled lustily to the rescue; Ferra, the Nubian, acting as steersman, and exhorting the rowers to renewed effort with such vigor, that his black face glistened with the moisture that gathered over it.

Only a few seconds—which seemed hours to the anxious but intrepid men supporting their frail and fainting charges in the water—and they were dragged on board the boat; the women wrapped in shawls, brought by the thoughtful care of the Nubian, and restored to consciousness.

The languid eyes of Edith rested, as they opened, first upon the anxious faces of father and brother; and she smiled a wan smile to reassure them. Then turning her glance to the other side of the boat, where stood the dripping figure of Askaros—his face still pallid from emotion, and his form still trembling from the violent exertions he had made so lately—

she stretched out her hands in mute gesture of supplication and gratitude toward him, and murmured:

"Twice saved from a dreadful death! How can I ever be grateful enough?"

The quick ear of Sir Charles caught the low tones, and partly their meaning, and a fierce pang of jealousy thrilled through his awakened heart; but his native generosity of soul conquered. He turned to Mr. Van Camp, with more dignity and gravity of manner than he habitually assumed, and said, pointing to Askaros:

"Sir, your thanks are due to that gallant gentleman, for having saved the life of your daughter, imperiled through my thoughtless folly and ill-timed jesting. For it I ask pardon of both the ladies, but more especially of Miss Primmins, to whom I owe a double apology; though I never dreamed my silly speech could lead to serious consequences, till that hideous water-ox rose, and the mischief was done."

Miss Primmins, from her mummy-like swathing of shawls, feebly twittered a pardon to the frank Englishman, mingled with protestations that he had been "her savior," etc., while Edith flashed upon him a bright glance of approval, that sent sunshine to his soul. Mr. Van Camp and his son wrung the hand of Askaros in true American fashion, even to the infliction of physical pain. Edith only looked her gratitude; but it cannot be doubted he preferred that mute recognition, to the more violent demonstrations of father and son; or even to the flattering testimony of the Englishman, whom, with the quick eye of love, he recognized as his rival.

Sobered and rendered serious by the almost tragical termination of their day's pleasure excursion, there was little said by any of the party on their ride back to the hotel. On reaching it, the ladies retired to their rooms, and Askaros to his home, to change their still wet clothing, and adopt the necessary precautions, after their unexpected cold bath in the waters of the Nile.

But that day was the turning-point of three lives; and the after destiny of each and all the three was first shadowed and commenced with that sail on the dahabieh. Each of the three had learned many new things, and awakened to new self-consciousness within a few hours; but none of them could conjecture, even dimly, the future of the others, nor their relative relations one to the other in the coming years. Time alone—a greater reader of riddles than the Sphinx—could solve the problem, of what those future destinies might be.

As Askaros stood on the threshold of his home, he paused, turned his eyes upon the spot where the serpent charm had manifested itself upon the young girl—then a stranger to him, but now the very light of his life, and muttered:

"Were I a Mussulman, I would say it was *Kismet* (destiny)! Twice have I been made to save her life at the risk of my own; yet my passion only excited her scorn to-day! But the look she gave me this evening almost repaid me for the morning—for all!"

So with the blind fatality of all real lovers—pressing deeper into his heart the barb that rankled there—clutching at the shadow of a hope where there seemed really none, and confounding gratitude with affection—the young Egyptian, with a lighter heart, entered the house and passed into his father's presence.

CHAPTER XI.—THE BULBUL AND THE ROSE.

NIGHT had fallen upon the city of Cairo, and the shadows projected from the tall houses into the narrow streets, looked like solid masses of black stone, so clear and brilliant was the moonlight. The stars, large and lustrous—like great lamps suspended from an azure dome—shone with that clear, white light peculiar to their lustre in Eastern heavens; unknown to the watchers of the cloudy skies of Europe or America.

It was on such nights, and through similar streets and scenes, that the good Haroun el Reschid was wont to take his rambles with his Vizier, Giafir, in search of strange adventure. So let us now follow the footsteps of one of his innumerable imitators in nocturnal rambles under Eastern skies, whose mission was very dissimilar to that of the famous Caliph, though not without its romance and its danger, too.

About midnight might have been seen a man, apparently young and vigorous, wending his way through the outskirts of Boulak, choosing the most obscure streets, as though to avoid observation, until he reached the high stone wall of the palace of the Princess Neze Khanum; which, as before described, faced on the Nile. There was nothing in this man's appearance and dress to distinguish him from one of the ordinary occupants of the Quarter, except that on his left hand, when he raised it, there sparkled a precious stone, and that the hand itself did not resemble that of the common laborer. What was unusual was, that he bore no lantern to light his way: which both law and custom, as well as safety, required.

Concealed under the shadow of the wall, he carefully groped along in the obscurity—occasionally disturbing some prowling or slumbering wild dog, which snarling fiercely, and menacing the intruder with its sharp white teeth, sullenly and reluctantly retreated before his steps. But as the Egyptian wild dog never barks—partaking of the savage nature of his ancestor, the wolf, in that respect—no warning of the visitor's stealthy approach was given to the guardians of the harem; if, indeed, any person in his vicinity was awake at that late hour: the Orientals all retiring early to rest.

At length the man stopped and tapped three times at a particular spot on the wall. Immediately a small gate, invisible before, swung within noiselessly, opened by an unseen hand; and, as he stepped into the garden, the door closed as swiftly and noiselessly as it had opened—indistinguishable as before from the wall. The man softly clasped his hands three

times, and suddenly appeared before him a valiant female figure, shrouded from head to foot in the *Abba*, a voluminous black silk cloak, worn by the Calrene women in the streets.

"*Salaam Aleikoum!* You are waited for," she said, in Arabic. "The Sitta has long been expecting your arrival. Come quickly; for you know she likes not to be kept waiting, and if her impatience rises to wrath, it is a consuming fire!"

The untimely visitor returned her salutation, but followed her footsteps in silence through the solitude of the garden; to which the black shadows of the trees gave a gloomy and sinister aspect that reflected the shadows in his own soul. For his was not the mien, the bearing, or the step of an impatient lover hastening to his mistress; but rather that of one who reluctantly performs a duty not to be avoided, or who responds to an invitation he may not refuse. They passed through the shrubberies into the palace by a small door, which his conductor opened with a wooden key; followed many winding passages and ascended a narrow stairway, when the visitor found himself alone in a lofty chamber, furnished with all the luxury of the East—a chamber which he, unfortunately, knew only too well.

It was the private boudoir of the mistress of the harem; and the latticed window, overlooking the rushing torrent of the Nile, was open, giving glimpses of the waters which boiled and bubbled below as they raced hoarsely past, glittering like gems in the bright moonlight. The man cautiously approached the open lattice, and peered curiously for an instant on the rushing river below, whose waters, as it was high Nile, rose to within twenty feet of the window.

He turned away after a moment, however; and, seating himself on one of the silken divans, was soon sunk in so deep a reverie, that he did not hear the rustling sound that announced a woman's presence, and started when a soft hand was laid caressingly on his brow, and a soft voice inquired:

"Is my young Antar dreaming, or asleep, that he needs waking?"

The young man, starting up, made a profound and respectful salutation as he answered:

"The night is always dark for me, until the evening star comes to light it with her presence. But one thought can fill the soul of any mortal happy enough to be admitted here; and that is of her, I now see before me."

"Well sung, my bulbul!" said the lady, unvailing as she spoke, and disclosing the imperious beauty and bold bright eye of Neze Khanum herself. "But thou shouldst not compare me to aught so cold and distant as a star! The bulbul ever chants his love-song to the rose. And am I not worthy to be deemed a rose?" she added softly, glancing down over her own voluptuous form, and fastening upon him the unholiest light of eyes full of sensual fire.

"A rose thou art, indeed!" cried the youth, with genuine passion in his voice. "A rose, indeed! a full-blown rose, whose perfume and whose loveliness intoxicate the senses and the soul! The song of the bulbul must ever be addressed to thee, O light of mine eyes and blood of my heart!"

The face of the princess glowed with gratified vanity at these impassioned words, poured out with burning ardor—either felt or feigned—by the lips she loved best. With all the abandon and recklessness of an Eastern woman—who flings all modesty and all reserve to the winds, and whose sense of shame seems utterly to disappear with the veil that has concealed her face—she threw herself on the divan beside her lover, and lavished upon him all those terms of endearment, of which the Eastern tongue is so profuse. She removed the fez cap that he wore, and toyed with the short clustering curls of his hair; and reposing her head upon his breast, looked up into his face with a soft glow on her features, and a tenderness in her eye, that transformed her into another woman from the eagle-eyed and imperious Neze Khanum of every day. She seemed to renew her own youth with proximity to this young lover, the beauty of whose face and form were well calculated to inspire admiration in the heart of woman.

The hours glided away, and the interview had been prolonged, until the first faint streaks in the Eastern sky heralded the approach of dawn. The young man glanced up through the open lattice, and said:

"The morning hour approaches, and I must tear myself away from Paradise before the dawn; and the bulbul has not yet been told, why the rose summoned him to her bower so urgently on this, most favored of all the days of his life."

As he spoke, the face of the princess, so radiant and so loving until now, suddenly changed its expression. The smile faded away from her lips, the light of love from her eye, and the soft glow of gratified passion was succeeded by the red flush of anger. She half withdrew her form from the encircling arm of her lover, and removed her hand from his brow, where it had rested caressingly. Then a cold cruel expression crept over her countenance, and gleamed out of her glittering eyes. She seemed suddenly to have recalled some painful and irritating memory, which the presence of her lover had caused her to forget, but which his words recalled. Her tone grew measured and hard as she revived:

"There was a time when the bulbul needed no messenger to summon him to the bower of the rose! When the garden where she dispensed her perfume was haunted by his presence; and when his wings could not bear him swiftly enough back to her, from other wanderings. But now it is different. The bulbul must be lured back; and no sooner has he been snared, than his wings flutter impatiently to fly again. But the pretty bird should know"—and she cast upon him a look full of menace and of mockery—"that this cage is strong, and he may be made to sing in captivity, as other birds have before him. For the rose has thorns as well as

sweetness ever; and those who have tasted the one, may feel the other, too!"

There was no love now in the face or in the eyes that looked upon him, and the man felt his peril—saw, too late, the trap into which he had walked blindfold. But he summoned all his courage and his craft to meet the emergency, and baffle the danger.

"Why is the star of my night so suddenly overclouded?" he asked, with real or feigned anxiety. "Why is her light withdrawn from her worshiper? What sin has her servant committed, that the ire of the great lady should visit him? He is innocent of intending offense—ignorant of having given any—and why should the Khanum speak as though to one who had provoked her displeasure? If his visits have not of late been frequent, it was because he feared to intrude without invitation: for it needed but the intimation that he would be welcome, and behold him at the feet of her, who has honored him with her favor!"

"Thou hast the tongue as well as the sleek skin of the serpent," answered the princess, half-reverent, half-offended. "But thou knowest I possess the serpent charm, and can handle thee with impunity. Thou hast not spoken truly to me; thou hast acted falsely and treacherously, too. And to the pale, scentless Ingleez Ily thou hast chanted thy love lays, in place of the full-blown rose! Lie not to me, for I well know how the shameless face of that unvalued woman hath been seen with thine on the *Ezbekieh*, day after day! To the scorn and shame of womanhood, she hath cast love looks on thy dainty face in the sight of all men: even to the mockery of the donkey-boys of the streets. Further do I know, how the shameless Infidel, in defiance of all modesty and decency, hath passed a whole day in thy house!"—and the princess spat upon the ground in token of loathing. "I know, too, the story of the tame serpent, with which thou didst deceive the poor silly Ingleez, and that other trick of upsetting the shameless thing in the Nile mud, to parade thy bravery again before her! Yet, with her kisses warm upon thy false lips, thou dardest come and talk of love to me, while I am weak fool enough to listen, forgetting all these things, and all my just resentment, like a silly girl! Have I not spoken truly? Answer, O man of double face and forked tongue!"

Over the face of Askaros—for it was he to whom the princess spoke—there had, in spite of his self-control, passed many changes, as the furious woman went on. Apprehension, indignation, rage, shame and disgust, rapidly chased each other over his expressive features: and when the princess ceased, from sheer exhaustion, overpowered by the passions that raged within and tore her like so many devils, he raised his crest haughtily.

No trace of humility or of reverence in his face or voice now, but with a steadfast light in his eye, and resolve written on his dilating nostril, he stood like some wounded lion brought to bay, and confronted the proud princess with a pride equal to her own.

"Lady," he said, "for the first time since we have known each other, you have spoken words of scorn and insult to me, which no man might utter and live. Those words I might forget and forgive, possibly pardon, for I know they spring from a jealousy fierce as it is unfounded. But you have coupled with my name that of another, which has no connection with either of us—the name of one, the purity of whose life and thoughts neither of us can imitate, scarcely comprehend—one as widely apart from us and ours, as though she were one of the hours of whom your Imaams speak! I swear to you, by my life and soul, that your suspicions are unfounded: for I am nothing to this Ingleez woman, nor she to me. And furthermore, if that will not content you, let me tell you, that when I, in my mad folly, dared to speak of my admiration, she repulsed it, as you would that of the meanest of your slaves! If, then, I have had a short madness, and been unfaithful to you for a few brief moments, the folly is past and gone. Now I resume my allegiance, and ask forgiveness from the most enchanting of her sex. Well do you know, fear never could move me: or I never had entered here, or, having once entered and escaped, would never have returned."

Neither by word nor gesture did the princess interrupt him while he spoke, but she drew a deep long breath when he had finished, as though her patience had been sorely tried, and again burst forth in stormy wrath.

"Dog of Glaur! and son of a line of dogs!" she screamed. "Rightly have I been punished for stooping to deile myself with the society and presence of a wretched Copt, lowest, meanest and basest of the mongrel spawn of Nile, which my great father trampled upon his victorious foot, and used as men use other rubbish, to aid in building the empire which his line rule to-day! Was it not enough, that my condescension should be abused and my kindness betrayed, but that thou shouldst dare compare to my disparagement, thy Infidel paramour from the barbarous lands of the West, here to my very face, and in my own palace? Dearly shall that insult cost thee! I am a woman, it is true, but a woman of the blood of Mehemet Ali: and never did man or woman do him wrong, and live to boast it! Never again will thy pale-faced mistress, with her hair of withered straw, look on that girlish face of thine, or kiss those dainty lips. The Nile, from which thou rescued her but yesterday, shall sport with thy graceful form, and be thy bed to-night! An Infidel like thee, whose doom must be the fall from the Narrow Bridge of Al Sirat into perpetual fire, needs no time for prayers, as a Mussulman might."

She paused again, exultant malice and fiendish hate stamped upon every feature of the face, which seemed suddenly to have sharpened and grown old, under the fiery heat of the simoom blast of passion sweeping over her soul.

Her destined victim did not quail. He felt his peril, but, like a brave man, braced himself to meet it worthily, if he could not avert it.

Yet he did not seem utterly desperate, and as his eye glanced warily round the room, it rested for an instant on the open casement, and he drew nearer the princess, who, pacing rapidly up and down the room, like an enraged tigress, had now paused near the window. And through it now softly came the first fresh breath of the awakening morn.

"Khanum," said Askaros, "are you very sure your spies have not deceived you? that the things they have told you are not lies, coined out of their own false hearts, to win gold and favor from you, and to destroy me, whom they hate, for many reasons known to you?"

A cruel smile convulsed the lips of Nezele. "There spoke the craft of the Copt!" she snarled—"ever more resembling woman than man, and striving to escape by artifice, dangers he has not the courage to avert! Know then, O wise youth! that my informants were not my spies, but of thine own household—ay, even supposed to be of thine own base blood! The girl El Warda, whom the world deems thy sister, was my informant! She came to me"—and a derisive smile again curled the cruel lips—"to pray me for a love philter to win back thy most precious affections, stolen away by this Ingleez, as the silly child believed. I gave the philter to the fool; but I repaid myself by obtaining all her secrets, and thine!"

This revelation fell on the young man with a stunning shock. For the first time, as by a lightning flash, he saw the real state of the heart of his reputed sister. Of this he had never dreamed.

But at the same time he saw how the danger of his position was aggravated: and how useless, after all she had heard and knew, would be any attempt to conciliate or mystify the princess. Rapidly he made his resolve, and prepared to act.

"Princess," he said, drawing still nearer, until he stood close beside her, "these recriminations and explanations are useless, and can only tend to make us both say words we shall regret hereafter. I have made confession of my fault, and implored thy forgiveness. Give it to me, by the memory of our past love, which will renew itself, warmer and fresher after this short storm, and then let me go, for the day already begins to dawn in the East."

"That day thou shalt never behold!" fiercely answered the princess. "Slave! dog! Glaur! thy blood be on thine own head! An hour hence, and thou shalt feed the fishes of the Nile, and thy vile name and viler treachery be washed away from my memory, even as thy carcass shall be washed from my palace-door by those rapid waters!"

And she pointed to the window to where the rushing tide, swollen and turbid, raced past in its sullen flow.

Swiftly she turned away from the window, confronted the Copt, and raised her two hands, as if to clasp them together to summon her slaves. But rapid as was her movement, the young man's was more rapid still. Ere she could bring the hands together, he had seized her left wrist and held it, as in an iron vice, close down to her side, preventing the meditated summons. Her next movement was as sudden as his had been. Her right hand flew to her bosom, and a small, keen poniard flashed over his head, aimed full at his heart, ere he had time to suspect, or avert the act. Instinctively he threw up his left arm to protect his heart. Down upon that guard the sharp steel descended, driven with the whole strength of maniac fury—rent its way through outer jacket of thick cloth, and through the folds of shirt and undershirt; then, grazing, tore open the fleshy part of the muscular fore-arm—round and white as that of a woman.

The blood spouted from the wound, as hand and dagger dropped to the side of the baffled murderer. Her face changed from rage to fear, as she covered before the roused wrath of her destined victim—the feverish fitful rage of woman yielding to the more concentrated wrath of man. For the face of Askaros had undergone an alteration as startling as that in her own. The devil that slumbers in the depth of every human heart had been unchained; and the magnetic contagion of evil had been communicated from her leprous soul, to the hitherto untainted heart of the young man, stained already by her with sin, and now on the verge of being blackened by irremediable crime!

From the predestined victim he suddenly rose over her as the doomsman—the avenger. And, with the lightning-like rapidity with which thought can travel in moments of immediate peril and impending death, the long catalogue of her crimes, rose like accusing angels before the mental vision of the wicked woman, whose life had been a life of defiance to the laws of God and man—a warfare against humanity.

For in the set and rigid face, with contracted brow and pitiless eyes, that bent above her, she saw no mercy—no hope; and in his right hand was raised the dagger, wrested from her, ready to strike the moment he apprehended treachery in any call, or gesture, or effort to summon aid.

So stood those two beings, whose criminal tie had been so suddenly and so violently severed—lovers, hisping endearment to each other in softest whispers but a moment since—now foes, whom the death of one, or both, could only separate to all human seeming; one a baffled homicide in act, the other a predestined murderer in intention; with the shadow of their mutual crime hanging like a pall over both.

Askaros spoke first, though the silence seemingly so long to both had been scarce a minute's duration.

"Is the dagger poisoned?" he hissed into her ear. "Is this wound of mine mortal? I must know—for two lives depend upon the truth."

"It is not!" she sullenly responded; "though I wish it were. I had meant my stroke to be too sure to need poison; else had I supplied it, to make my vengeance certain!"

"Will you swear it? Will you—but folly! What oaths are not worthless to you? What in earth, or heaven, do you hold sacred? Will

you hold out your arm and let me scratch it, to prove the truth of what you say?"

With a return of her former haughty and defiant bearing, the princess silently stretched out her right arm for the test; a slight, scornful contraction of her mouth indicating her contempt for what she considered the Copt's cowardice. But the movement seemed to satisfy him without further proof.

"I will not shed one drop of your blood," he said. "I am satisfied there is now no other poison running riot in my veins, save what my unholy love for you has left there. No; the dagger was not prepared with your usual forethought. Had it been otherwise, two corpses instead of one would have been found in this chamber; which has doubtless heard the death-groan of many men better and braver than I! For now I know, that Calrene gossip lied not, when it told those tales of Nezele Khanum, that I disbelieved until now. Princess, farewell! for never will we look upon each other's faces in this world again."

"You speak confidently," replied the Khanum, whose audacity rose as the immediate danger receded: "you seem to forget that egress from this palace is not so easy without my permission. As well might a lost soul cross the Bridge of Al Sirat over the fiery gulf, as any strange step pass in safety through this palace, or those gardens, to the outer world. You may slay its mistress—a daring act for a brave man, opposed by an unarmed woman—but hence you cannot and you shall not pass, by my free will, or orders!"

"Trouble not yourself for my safety, O charming hostess!" answered the young man, calmly—cutting a strip of linen from his sleeve, and binding his bleeding arm as he spoke: "I know my path, and need no passport from you. Nor fear I any peril from your armed mercenaries, to travel it—if not in safety, at least unmolested by you, or yours. Repent your past life and strive to amend it, that the rude lesson I had to give you may not be lost. Neither in love, nor in hate, shall you look upon the face of Askaros again—who now shakes from his feet the dust of this palace of abominations, and bids it and you farewell for ever!"

As he ceased, and the astonished woman stood spellbound and bewildered by his words and meaning, he vaulted lightly on the framework of the open lattice, stood for a second, and then plunged headlong into the raging and rushing flood that howled beneath!

Recovering from her stupor of astonishment at the suddenness of his disappearance, the princess rushed to the window, and by the uncertain light of the early dawn, peered with mingled curiosity and anxiety on the flood, into which the daring youth had so rashly precipitated himself. She strained her vision to discover aught beside the turbid surface of the stream, whose current swept down rapidly, with a hoarse murmur, some few floating pieces of drift-wood; but she did not see anything resembling a human head or a human form, within the range of her vision.

Wearied by the useless search, and chilled by the raw morning air, with a shudder she turned from the window and closed the lattice, as though to shut out the memory as well as the sight of what was passing below. A softened sentiment, almost of pity, blended with her exultation at her own escape from peril, and the destruction of her old lover and new foe, who had thus executed her vengeance on himself, and spared her a new crime.

"Poor boy!" she muttered, "he was very young to end so soon; and so handsome, too," she added, regretfully, "while the men seem to me to grow uglier and more stupid every day. Was he mad, to take that leap? No living lover of mine took it before—though many have passed through it without their knowledge or consent!"

She yawned wearily; then after a moment added:

"But he will keep my secret now, that is consolation; though I do feel a foolish softness about his fate, I never felt for another's. But Allah made this world for the living, not for the dead; so 'tis useless to think; and, doubtless, it was his kismet to die. Ingleez can never steal him from me now! But I shall look a witch from want of sleep; so now for a pipe of hashish, a good sleep, and to commence a new experience and look for a new lover to-morrow!"

Then yawning again and wearily stretching her graceful limbs, the Egyptian princess glided to her own private chamber, to forget in the fumes of hashish—and the death-like slumber it would summon—the agitations of the last few hours; to forget the tragic fate of the youth she had first tempted and seduced, made a plaything of, and finally hunted to his doom.

Let us drop a veil over the waking and sleeping thoughts of that incarnate evil in woman's form, to whom sin was a solace, and crime a pastime—a Ceres, who brutalized the souls as well as the bodies of men, yet who died peacefully in her bed at last.

THE UNION HOME AND SCHOOL.

THE Society of the Union Home and School, for the education and maintenance of the children of our volunteer soldiers and sailors, was organized May 22, 1861, its object being to furnish clothing, board and tuition for all orphan children of the soldiers and sailors who volunteered in the service of our country, and in defense of its union and flag.

This institution was the first one established in the United States.

When the nation was in the throes of civil war, and President Lincoln, amazed at the power of the rebellion, was calling for more men, the people of the North solemnly pledged themselves to adopt, support and educate the children of those who should fall in battle. How well the nation has kept its faith may be seen by a visit to the Union Home and School.

During the first years of the society it had to struggle for its existence. The expenses incident to such an undertaking were necessarily heavy, but under the indomitable perseverance of its founders, and the

liberality of the patriotic people of the North, it was sustained; and now, under the management of Mrs. President Grant, Mrs. Admiral Farragut, Mrs. General Fremont, Mrs. Judge Daly, Mrs. General Butterfield and Mrs. General Hillyer, it is in a flourishing and prosperous condition.

The institution was formerly located in Fifty-eighth street. One year ago last October it was transferred to Deposit, a place about 180 miles up the Erie road, and last December it came back to its present location, One Hundred and Fifty-first street and Eleventh avenue.

They have now a fine large red brick mansion, beautifully situated on a high hill a short distance from the Hudson, and fronting on the new Boulevard.

The building is 60 by 75 feet, five stories at the rear, and three at the front. It was built about thirty years ago by Hickson W. Field, at present residing in Italy, and cost in that gold time \$80,000.

The place was furnished in the most elegant manner, but it had become very much out of repair, so that it has been found necessary to expend \$15,000 to render it useful for the purpose intended.

It is also the intention of the managers to erect, during the coming summer, a large school-room and chapel adjoining the main building.

There are at present in the school and under the care of the managers 230 children, and the number either provided for temporarily, placed in employment, or otherwise cared for, since the organization of the society, is 2,729.

The entire arrangements are admirably adapted to order, cleanliness and health.

Not only are the physical wants of the children supplied, but great attention is bestowed upon their education; thorough and efficient teachers are provided for them.

Aside from the regular studies of the school, general instruction is imparted pertaining to health, habits, manners, forms of government, duties and obligations to society.

The frequent changes in the programme of the school, and the variety of topics brought before the minds of the children, have conducted to their health, as well as awakened that interest so essential to their moral and intellectual improvement.

It also tends greatly to promote a spirit of content and animation, which insures success.

The Sabbath-school, under the supervision of the superintendent, assisted by the clergy of Carmansville, is conducted much the same as pursued by Sabbath-schools at large, and is hailed by the managers as a valuable auxiliary to their work.

Military tactics enter largely in the instruction of the boys, and when the little fellows appear upon parade, dressed in their gray uniforms, they might almost be taken for old veterans, and they execute the various evolutions in a manner which would be highly creditable to some older organization.

During President Grant's visit to New York, he visited the Home. The boys went through a short drill, and then boys and girls joined in a patriotic song.

The President expressed much pleasure at the condition of the school.

On Christmas, Admiral Farragut and staff paid a visit to the institution, and were much gratified with the appearance of the children, and the soldierly bearing displayed by the boys.

To obtain admission into the Home, no other conditions are required except the papers of the father, which show that they are truly the children of soldiers or sailors, and a certainty that the surviving parent, if one remains, is unable to support them at home.

It asks no pre-payment on admission, but takes the destitute children and provides them gratuitously with food and clothing.

No papers binding the children for a certain number of years are demanded; but so soon as the needy mother or disabled father is in better circumstances and can take their children home again, they are gladly given back to them, as there are others always ready and anxious to take their places.

No sectarianism is permitted in the institution. The clergy of all denominations are invited to visit and instruct the children, who receive good Christian instruction and good moral training, and, as they grow older and are able to do something for themselves, are provided with situations, consulting in some measure the inclination of the children, and requiring good, reliable references from those who take them.

The Home is open every day and all hours for visitors, and the managers earnestly invite the charitable and the patriotic of all classes to examine into the workings of an institution which belongs particularly to the State of New York.

The following are the officers of the Home: Honorary President, Mrs. President Grant; President, Mrs. Charles P. Daly; First Vice-President, Mrs. Admiral D. G. Farragut; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Robert Foster; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. General D. Butterfield; Secretaries, Mrs. David Hoyt and Mrs. E. Clifford Wadsworth.

Managers, Mrs. General J. C. Fremont, Mrs. General W. S. Hillyer, Mrs. Lydig, Mrs. H. E. Davies, Mrs. W. H. Webb, Mrs. G. Hoyt, Mrs. W. Gernons, Mrs. Clarence Seward, Mrs. J. R. Brady, Mrs. J. H. White, Miss Kate Warner, Mrs. P. Hoyt, Mrs. H. Johnson, Mrs. J. W. Gillies, Miss Mary Sydnay, Mrs. W. Place, Mrs. J. Van Dalsem, and Mrs. H. E. Williams.

Superintendent, Rev. Henry Camp.

Matron, Mrs. C. B. Hall.

Physician, Nelson Place, Jr., M.D.

Dentist, E. C. Wadsworth.

The following gentlemen comprise the Advisory Committee:

Chairman, Hon. Henry E. Davies. Hon. Charles P. Daly, Major-General Van Vleet, U.S.A., Major-General F. C. Barlow, General F. M. Wetmore, General Wm. Hall, Andrew Warner, William Orton, Lieutenant-Governor Stewart L. Woodford, Hon. Cephus Brainard, H. Brewster, George H. Purser, Thomas Boese, Nathaniel Jarvis, Jr., John H. White, Robert Foster, Isaac Bernheimer, Harlow M. Hoyt and J. J. Van Dalsem.

LAMARTINE'S EXTRAVAGANCE.—Lamartine's extravagance, even under the most desperate pressure of poverty, is well known. The story is told in private circles in Paris of an enthusiastic admirer of the poet who severely stung himself to offer a large subscription for the repurchase of the Lamartine estates. On the day on which he had paid the money, he happened to ask at a well-known fishmonger's the price of a turbot. "Forty francs," replied the Parisian Charles. "Ah, that is much too dear for me," said the gentleman, and was passing on his way, when a distinguished-looking personage paused for a moment before the shop, and without questioning the price, ordered the fish to be sent to his house. "Who may that be?" asked the first customer. "Do you not know?" said the fishmonger; "that is M. de Lamartine." It may be surmised that the future subscriptions of the gentleman were few.



SPRING WORK ON THE FARM—SHEEP WASHING IN VERMONT.—SEE PAGE 110.

Recent Egyptian Discoveries.

The Serapeum, or Burial-place of the Sacred Bulls of Egypt.

BY SAMUEL BIRCH, CONSERVATOR OF THE EGYPTIAN DEPARTMENT OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE discovery of the ancient Serapeum, or temple and tomb of the Egyptian *Apis*, the sacred bull of the god Ptah or Vulcan, of Memphis, added more to the history of Egypt, its chronology and its arts, than any excavation since the opening of the Pyramids by Colonel Howard Vyse. In 1850, M. Mariette, who was attached to the Museum of the Louvre, left Marseilles for Alexandria on a scientific mission, to search

many European residents of the city. M. Linant, Clot Bey, M. Varin and M. Zizinia possessed several. M. Zizinia had twelve sphinxes. M. Fernandez, a merchant of Cairo, informed Mariette that he had discovered them all in the sands of the plain of Saggarah. This excited the curiosity of Mariette, for he at once divined that they could not possibly have formed part of the cemetery of Saggarah, but must have belonged to the *dromos* or avenue of a temple, and he determined to discover whence they had been exhumed. Arrived at Cairo, Mariette arranged with M. Linant to start for the monasteries of the Natron lakes; as, however, he required two weeks to make the necessary preparations, he turned his attention in the meanwhile to the antiquities of Cairo, and examined the cemetery of the

Pyramids, which had already been explored by Vyse, Perling and Lepsius. From the Gizeh pyramids Mariette went to the cemetery and pyramids of Saggarah, and bearing in mind the sphinxes lying at Alexandria, searched the site to discover their companions. One day, while measuring the plain with a chain, Mariette perceived the head of a sphinx cropping out of the sand, and from its size, style and material, evidently one of the numerous family of sphinxes which had been removed to the gardens of Alexandria. The whole statue was soon cleared of its superincumbent rubbish by some *fellaheen*, and was discovered to be a sphinx couchant on a pedestal, confirming the information

which had been obtained at Alexandria, and Mariette felt sure he had discovered the *dromos* of the temple of which he was in search. It immediately occurred to Mariette that he had found the Serapeum spoken of by Strabo as placed at the entrance of the desert, and constantly menaced to be overwhelmed by the invasion of the sand. This conjecture was greatly confirmed by the discovery of a sepulchral altar dedicated to Osiris, Apis or Serapis, immediately after the sphinx had been disinterred. The site of the Serapeum had hitherto escaped the researches of travelers, although Jomard had indicated the spot where it ought to be found, and Marucchi, an Italian doctor, established at Cairo, while searching for the entrance of one of the pyramids of Saggarah, had, in 1832, found two sphinxes, which he removed from the sand. Animated with the idea that a great discovery was to be made, Mariette took measures to carry out his plan of the excavation of the Serapeum. First he visited the *Sheikh-el-Beled*, to obtain further information about the sphinxes. He learned from that personage that a greater number remained hidden under the sand; that many from time to time had been exhumed. Marucchi, who has just been mentioned, had excavated for Mimant, the French Consul, and had left the two sphinxes he had found on their pedestals. These had been seen by Nestor l'Hôte, a French Egyptologist, and Professor Lepsius, when at the head of the Prussian expedition. Nestor l'Hôte had, however, only given them a passing glance; Lepsius had paid only slight attention to the sphinxes, his attention having been carried away to excavations of a more important character. The riddle was to be solved by Mariette, who at once abandoned the search for Coptic manuscripts, and almost destitute of resources for so great an undertaking, threw himself heart and soul into the excavations of the Serapeum. The *dromos* or avenue of sphinxes upon which he had lighted did not lead in a right side to the Serapeum. It had been cut through the centre of a vast necropolis and deviated, from the respect entertained by the Egyptians for the sepulchres of the dead, winding its way through the monuments by which it was surrounded. Mariette had accordingly to proceed with caution, excavating from sphinx to sphinx, a work of great labor, as the sphinxes first discovered were overwhelmed by sand fifteen feet deep, and those last discovered and exhumed were eighty feet below the superincumbent deluges of the encroaching desert. By the 25th of December, 1850, Mariette had arrived at the end of a *dromos*, 4,940 feet in length, and had cleared 141 sphinxes, besides the bases of several others. Mariette was astonished to find at the end of this avenue a statue of the poet Pindar, inscribed with his name in Greek, a termination to his labors as singular as unexpected.

In a few days a hemicycle of great statues, one of which was the Pindar first discovered, were exhumed. These statues terminated the avenue of sphinxes, and amongst them were the principal great philosophers, poets and lawgivers of Greece, comprising Lycurgus, Solon, Pythagoras, Plato, Eschylus, Pindar, Homer and Aristotle. Such an assembly was an extraordinary one on the site of old Memphis, and over the sepulchres of mummied bulls, but it is possible that it adorned the access of the library attached to the temple of the god Serapis. A library is known to have been attached to the Serapeum at Alexandria; it was the most celebrated one of antiquity. Between the hemicycle and the two last sphinxes a transverse *dromos*, or avenue, was discovered. One branch of this avenue led to a temple constructed in honor of the *Apis* by the Egyptian monarch Nectanebo II.; another branch went to the Serapeum itself. On the road leading to

the temple built by Nectanebo II., or Nectabes, were two sphinxes larger than those of the main avenue, inscribed with the name of the monarch, and placed at the entrance of the



THE LATE REV. CHARLES H. PLATT, LATE PASTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, BINGHAMPTON, N. Y.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. BULLOCK.—SEE PAGE 103.

temple. This *dromos* was about 310 feet long, flanked on each side by a low wall, in form of an immense pedestal. On the left side, about the middle, it was divided by a small Greek building, having before it an Egyptian shrine, in which was a statue of the *Apis*, probably the very one described by Strabo. The statue is of calcareous stone, and of fine style, and has now passed into the collection of the Louvre. Upon each side of the temple, and upon another low wall, were placed some statues still more remarkable and unexpected than



CHRIST CHURCH, BINGHAMPTON, N. Y.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. BULLOCK.—SEE PAGE 103.

after Coptic manuscripts, many of which were supposed to exist in the monasteries of the valley of the Natron lakes, especially in the monastery of St. Macarius. The Duke of Northumberland and Archdeacon Tattam had already extracted most of the Syriac and other manuscripts from these places, and the residue was gleaned by Parton, but lively hopes were entertained that more might still remain, or letters be found to reward the researches of Mariette. While in Alexandria, Mariette was astonished to find that a number of sphinxes, sculptured out of limestone, all resembling one another, and inscribed with Greek inscriptions, which had been incised upon them by the promenaders of the avenue of the temple to which they belonged, decorated the gardens of

which had been obtained at Alexandria, and Mariette felt sure he had discovered the *dromos* of the temple of which he was in search. It immediately occurred to Mariette that he had found the Serapeum spoken of by Strabo as placed at the entrance of the desert, and constantly menaced to be overwhelmed by the invasion of the sand. This conjecture was greatly confirmed by the discovery of a sepulchral altar dedicated to Osiris, Apis or Serapis, immediately after the sphinx had been disinterred. The site of the Serapeum had hitherto escaped the researches of travelers, although Jomard had indicated the spot where it ought to be found, and Marucchi, an Italian doctor, established at Cairo, while searching for the entrance of one of the pyramids of Saggarah, had, in 1832,



OLD REDOUBT AT PITTSBURGH, PA.—SEE PAGE 110.

RECENT EGYPTIAN DISCOVERIES.

the philosophers, statesmen and poets arranged on the hemicycle. They were allegorical figures of the later schools of Greek art. Two groups, each about six feet high, represented boys or youthful genii mounted on peacocks, which they guided by a bridle, as if postillions of the goddess Juno. Other youthful genii rode on panthers, emblems of Bacchus, on lions, the sacred animals of Cybele, or on Cerberus, the dogs of hell or Pluto. A colossal cock, emblem of Mercury, lions with bristling manes, sphinxes, and other birds and animals, adorned this part of the Serapeum, in rocco taste and style, such as prevailed in the days of the Greek and Roman rulers of Egypt. It is difficult to divine the motive of these pantheistic representations, which owed their origin to some deep metaphysical notions of the Egyptian schools of Greek pedantry or philosophy, intruded into the religion of the country. At the end of this dromos or avenue, Mariette found the pylons or doorways of the Serapeum itself. The first that he uncovered was flanked by two lions, which are often seen placed at the gateways of Egyptian temples, from certain mystical ideas, and their names being expressive of the word "door." After this discovery the excavations had to be carried on at a great depth. The plan of the Serapeum had been discovered, but eight more months of digging were requisite to uncover the edifice. Part of the wall had been built in the reign of Nectanebus; it was covered with bas-reliefs, representing altars laden with offerings. One had a Phœnician inscription, and though most of these were of limestone, one was found of granite, and another of the rarer material, porphyry. On the 15th May, 1851, a niche was discovered in the wall, in which were 428 small bronze votive figures of the Egyptian deities Ptah, Osiris, Isis, and Apis. They were supposed to have been the penates of the edifice, but the reason of this deposit is unknown, others having been discovered under the pavement of Egyptian temples, to consecrate or hallow them against the sand, which was considered impure. The discovery of the bronze figures nearly hindered the further excavations. Public report converted them into gold ones, of which the Arabs are always dreaming, and Mariette was attacked at the time with ophthalmia. On the 3d June Abbas Pasha ordered Mariette to quit the mound and abandon the excavations. Mariette replied that he was ready to do so for the moment, but that he denied the right of any one to prevent him remaining in the desert and watching over the monuments. He appealed to the French consuls Lemoine and De Laporte to take steps to secure the results of his researches for France. Sketches, in the meanwhile, of some of his earliest discoveries, drawn by M. Bartot, a young artist of talent, had been sent to Paris, and laid before the Institute. This body warmly took up the matter, and, seconded by the authorities of the Louvre, interested Monsieur Leon Faucher, then Minister of the Interior, in the cause, and a vote of 30,000 francs was obtained from the Legislative Assembly to carry out the researches. The omission of the word *scientific* before *treasures* in the report of M. Faucher's speech led Abbas Pasha to suppose that actual treasures of real value had been made, and the pasha ordered Mariette to quit Egypt at once. The pasha, under pretext of expediting their transport, determined to seize the objects. A catalogue of those found was demanded; then the objects, 524 in number. Mariette refused to give them up. He asserted that, as he had been sent to Egypt by the French Government, the objects were its property, and that he would only surrender them to an authorized agent of the Egyptian Government on a written order from the French consul. One morning, in October, 1851, an agent of the pasha, accompanied by his suite, arrived with the requisite order. This document was drawn up in Turkish, and unintelligible to the whole troops. Mariette declared that he could not understand, and consequently not obey, the firman, dispatched out of the way a resident Copt who understood Turkish, by a present of \$10, and invited the agent to dinner. The agent returned without the objects, but reappeared again in fifteen days, to depart a second time as mystified as before. After another fifteen days the agent came for the third time, attended by a commissary and an Italian translation of the firman. In the meanwhile a dispatch from the French Government had reached the Consul-General, requiring the Viceroy to allow the excavations to be continued. Abbas Pasha consented, on the condition that four officers of his staff should preside, and the objects found enrich the museums of Cairo.

The excavations were suspended for eight months. Mariette remained on the spot in a hut built of ancient bricks, isolated from the Arabs, his life attempted by violence and poison.



VIEW OF THE AVENUE OF THE SERAPEUM.

In February, 1852, the excavation was resumed. The exterior of the Serapeum had been discovered, the interior required to be explored. It was known from ancient authors to have contained the sepulchres of the Apis bull, and to find out these tombs was the task Mariette had in view. In the interval of the rupture with the Egyptian authorities, Mariette had not been idle. Aided by some faithful Arabs, he had descended every night, attended by his companions, into the bowels of the earth. On the night of the 12th of November, 1851, an Arab

ladder, Mariette nightly went down into the tombs of the Apis, and extracted thence more than 640 sepulchral tablets and other monuments. Every morning the mouth of the shaft was carefully covered with sand, and the excavation concealed. During these nocturnal visits four gates had been discovered leading to the tombs, and another was added to the list when the excavations were openly renewed. Smaller chambers and subterranean apartments were found in the neighborhood of the greater cemetery, containing



VAULTS OF THE SERAPEUM.

suddenly aroused Mariette to tell him that a handsome doorway had been discovered. On examination, it proved to lead into an enormous subterranean apartment, the air of which was so mephitic that it rapidly quenched the light of a candle. At dawn the atmosphere became purer, and Mariette entered this city of the dead, the caverns and last stalls of the Apis bulls. After a hasty view the door was closed, and remained so till February, 1852.

By means of a shaft, provided with a rude

ladder, Mariette nightly went down into the tombs of the Apis, and extracted thence more than 640 sepulchral tablets and other monuments.

One tomb was intact, having in its centre a wooden sarcophagus painted black, surrounded by four alabaster vases for holding the viscera. Small statues were in niches in the wall; the floor was strewn with sepulchral figures of porcelain. The sarcophagus, when opened, was found to enclose another, and this one in its turn a third.

This last a covered coffin, in the shape of



[The only perfect specimens of the mummified bulls of Egypt now extant, are supposed to be those in the Museum of the Historical Society of New York, of one of which a cut is herewith given.—Ed.]

EGYPTIAN MUMMIFIED BULL IN THE MUSEUM OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

a mummy, with a gilded face. On its breast was inscribed the name and titles of the Apis. The coffin was, on examination, found to be a cavity hewn in the solid rock, over which a cover was placed, and contained the mingled bones of a man and an ox, mixed up in a mass of bitumen with jewels, little statues and vases. Similar objects were found in an adjacent chamber. This part had been constructed by Shaaemua, a son of Rameses II., or Great, Viceroy of Memphis in the reign of his father. The alabaster vases were inscribed with his name and titles, but contained only bitumen and gold leaf, and the figures on the floor bore the name of the same prince. The whole cemetery of the Apis bulls divided itself into two parts. One had its entrance at the south, and went north. It was a subterranean gallery, like a railway tunnel, arched above, and having at its sides about twenty chambers, the oldest, of the time of Rameses II., about B. C. 1320, and the latest, of the reign of Psammeticus I., B. C. 650.

Twenty-four mummies of sacred bulls, which had lived and died during that period, had been deposited in the vaults of this quarter.

The other arm of the subterranean chambers was one continuous tunnel, divided into several passages and galleries. It began with chambers made in the 52d year of Psammeticus I., B. C. 612, and continued till about A. D. 100. The Apis was at this time buried in gigantic and monolithic sarcophagi of red syenitic granite, transported from the First Cataract to the vaults of Memphis.

The unfortunate Amosis II., last monarch of the 26th dynasty, B. C. 525, buried the Apis with uncommon splendor, and the political necessities of the age had restored the capital of empire to Memphis, and revived the Apis worship with unusual honors. The great sarcophagi were from 11 to 12 feet high, 14 or 15 feet long, and weighed from 80 to 100 tons. Twenty-four of these gigantic monoliths were found in the forty chambers of this tunnel. In the chambers of the first and earlier vaults, votive tablets in the hieroglyphic characters, containing prayers addressed to the deceased bull, had been found inside on the walls of the tombs, but in this second vault the tablets were placed on the lintels of the door, and were generally inscribed in the demotic or written character. The most important of these tablets was the one placed in the centre of the wall which closed the entrance of the sepulchral chamber. This was the tombstone of the Apis bull, and contained the date of birth, enthrone at Memphis in the temple of Ptah, besides the date of death and burial in the Serapeum. Four only of the sarcophagi were inscribed, and were dated, in the reign of Khabash, a Persian, who reigned later than Darius, probably the false Smerdis; in the reign of Cambyses; of Amosis, the last of the native monarchs, and of a Ptolemy. It appeared from these inscriptions that the bull said to be stabbed by the frantic Cambyses did not really die till the eighth year of Darius.

A remarkable discovery was made in the most ancient part of the sepulchres. The rock fell in and accidentally crushed three chambers. To verify their contents, Mariette resolved to destroy the rocks which had rolled down, and in so doing found three intact chambers, in one of which was a human mummy, the face of which was covered with gold leaf, and the neck decorated with two handsome gold chains inlaid with jasper, feldspar, and serpentine, with a hawk of gold. The floor was strewn with sepulchral figures, but the personage remained a mystery, as the name of Shaaemua, the prince designated by the other inscription, was again discovered. In the inner enclosure of the Serapeum, chambers and private chapels for the use of the priests were examined. A deposit of bronze figures consecrated the edifice. Not a Greek inscription was discovered; all was purely Egyptian. In an adjoining tomb to the gallery of the 26th dynasty, Mariette found in a tomb of the earliest period of Egyptian art, the 5th dynasty, the sealed statue, in calcareous stone, of an Egyptian scribe. This is one of the very finest specimens of Egyptian art, the portrait of an individual, who, seated with his legs under him, looks up with a great air of intelligence and thought as he writes upon an unfolded roll of papyrus. It shows that at the earliest period the arts were most advanced, and that the power of making portraits equal to those of the Romans under the Empire, flourished at least B. C. 2500 on the banks of the Nile.

After the excavation at the Serapeum had been completed, Mariette attempted to open a mound at the end of the dromos of sphinxes supposed to contain the remains of a pyramid overwhelmed by sand. This mound turned out to be the celebrated temple of Imouthos, or the Egyptian Esculapius, often mentioned in the Greek Papyri, with its grove of acacia trees which still exists. But the Arabs doggedly re-

fused to work, as one of their traditions called it Joseph's prison. The number of objects discovered was 7,000! Many, however, of these did not belong to the Serapeum, but to tombs adjacent, or were the remains of other edifices which had been destroyed. About 2,000 belonged to the Serapeum. The remains of 64 mummies of the Apis bull were exhumed; only 4 were intact.

The expenses of this great excavation were about 100,000 francs (\$20,000), and the objects which could be transported enriched the Museum of the Louvre. They were not less in a pecuniary point of view than the money expended. They are deposited in a separate hall of the Louvre, and are a most important branch of the Egyptian collection; the Serapeum having not only contributed some of the most valuable tablets for the study of history and chronology to that establishment, but also filled its cases with numerous small objects, and fine specimens of the jewelry of the ancient Egyptians. The Serapeum was known to ancient authors as the oldest edifice of the kind. It was distinct from the Apelium, in which the bull dwelt when living, after he had been discovered amidst the national herds by the diacritical marks of the triangular white spot on the forehead, the pied color of his hide, the hair arranged like a netting on the back, the crescent-shaped spot at the side, and the lump in form of a scarabeus under his tongue. To all intents he was a bestial Buddha, or Lama; the soul of the god Ptah was supposed to be present in his body. A flash of lightning or a moonbeam was supposed to be his father, and his mother was a virgin cow which, through demigod influence gave birth to this "second life of the god Ptah," or "the beautiful soul of Osiris," manifested by his life, and withdrawn from the visible world at the time of the death of the bull. When once found, the divine calf was conducted, in a gilded shrine, on board a sacred barge, to the Apelium. This shrine appears to have been in a style of unusual magnificence at the commencement of the 1st century, A. D. It had a place in which the bull himself dwelt, and close to it another shrine in which was the sacred cow, his mother.

At certain hours, Apis was exhibited to the public, especially to strangers, who saw him through a little window in the shrine, after which he was led back to his stall. This Apelium, or temple of the Apis, was attached to the great temple of Ptah, at Memphis, and, in later times, the temple was rebuilt or constructed by Psammethichus I., B. C., 650, who built the Southern Propylæa where the Apelium was situated, in the avenue of which bullfights were periodically exhibited. He had two chambers in the stall and shrine, and auguries were taken from his entrance into the one or other, or from his actions. Attached to the Apis was his herdsman, a priest who attended to his wants. For four months the Apis calf was fed with milk in a house facing the rising sun. When conducted to the Apelium, at the time of the New Moon, he drank only of the water of a well. His birthday was celebrated with peculiar splendor for 7 days, and a golden saucer thrown into the Nile at the time certain boys, apparently chorists, were supposed to be inspired by his presence, as they sang hymns around his shrine. The worshiper, who consulted the bull, offered him food, which it was a favorable omen for the Apis to receive, and unfortunate to reject. Sometimes he whispered in the bull's ear, and accepted for answer the first words he heard from any one after he had left. After his death—and the bull was not allowed to live longer than 25 years, and if his life threatened to exceed that period he was drowned—Apis was embalmed with palms and bitumen for 70 days, and transported on a sledge, followed by a crowd of priests and mourners, to the Serapeum. Although only the skeleton and head of the bull were thus preserved, immense sums were lavished on his interment. The funeral of one of these bulls at the time of the Ptolemies cost 50 talents, or about \$48,337, and double that amount was sometimes paid for the last obsequies of the animal.

The bulls, however, were not all treated with equal honors, and their remains were then cast into a cavern without being placed in a sarcophagus, or deposited in a place hollowed in the rocky pavement and only covered with a flagstone. In the days of the 18th dynasty, the sepulchres of the bull consisted of a flat-roofed chamber, surmounted by a small sepulchral chapel with papyrus columns. This style continued till the time of Rameses II., after which the crypts already mentioned were substituted, and the whole funeral conducted on a style of greater magnificence. As the tombstones recorded the year of the monarch's reign when the Apis was discovered, and when buried, as well as the length of the life of the bull, these tablets were of great importance for the correction and identification of the kings, and the space of time which had passed between the 19th and 26th dynasties—an obscure period of Egyptian history. The tablets hence added an additional interest to the archaeological facts which came out in the excavation. The bull killed by the mad Cambyzes, and the one buried in the reign of Darius, from their dated tombstones, were thought to throw out the precise year of the conquest of Egypt by the Persians, B. C. 525, but all has since been reconciled, and time has not been disturbed.

SHEEP WASHING.

The associations connected with sheep-washing are picturesque and poetical, especially to the spectators. The most lovely pictures of rural life are these spring views, which are made up of trees just budding into a summer costume, with a deep but quiet stream in the foreground, with strong men struggling in the water, engaged in cleansing the fleece, preparatory to its clipping. Such occasions are often the reason of social gatherings, in which the young people take a prominent part; and to children the struggling sheep, the hard work of the men, the mis-

haps in the splashing, sparkling water, are incidents of constant excitement. The poor sheep, however, for the time being, are terrible sufferers. In the first instance, they are alarmed by the preparations for their bath, which consist in fencing them up, and further startling their nerves by the boisterous laughter of the crowd of people that surrounds them. In due time they are seized by the head, and dragged, struggling and resisting as they best can, into an element that in their heart they abhor. Utterly incapable of understanding the cause of this unusual treatment, they instinctively resist. If an old ram is the object of attention, he uses his head for butting, and his legs to help him break away. Once fairly in the stream, he becomes quiet, for the water gradually penetrating his thick fleece, it strikes a kind of chill over him, and in the physical suffering that follows he often literally faints away. The cleansing process ended, the poor victim is dragged ashore, where, weak and exhausted, and with a weight of water in his wool that presses him to the earth, he lies and pants awhile, more dead than alive; gradually, however, he recovers himself, and is, no doubt, much astonished at his improved physical condition and superior personal appearance. Following the washing is the shearing of the fleece, which is clipped off so expertly that it comes from the animal as if it were a coarse woolen blanket. The fleece, ready for manufacturing, weighs, on an average, four pounds. Now, as a sheep can only be sheared once a year, and as it takes two pounds of good-conditioned wool to make a yard of cloth, and three and a half yards to make a gentleman's suit of clothing—and if we consider, in this connection, that a sheep is only shorn once a year, and a human often has three new suits in the same period, it will be perceived that the number of fleeces required to meet this demand is almost incredible. The Elenham mills, on the Hudson, work up 400 pounds of fleece wool per day; it, therefore, takes the wool of a thousand sheep per day, or three hundred thousand a year, to meet the demand of this single manufacturing establishment. How many millions are needed to supply the world's demand, has not been calculated.

Hon. Andrew G. Curtin, United States Minister to Russia.

ANDREW GREGG CURTIN was born in the village of Bellefonte, Penn., April 2, 1817. He was educated at an academy at Milton, a small village on the Susquehanna river, and read law in the office of Judge Reed, at Carlisle. He was admitted to the bar in 1839, and at once entered upon the practice of his profession at Bellefonte. From this time forward he took an active interest in politics, supporting all the candidates of the Whig party. In 1848 and 1852 he was placed on the Presidential electoral ticket, and in both these years traversed the State in behalf of the candidates of the Whig party. In 1854 he was Chairman of the State Central Committee, Mr. James Pollock being the candidate for Governor in that year. After his election, Governor Pollock offered Mr. Curtin the office of Secretary of the Commonwealth, which was accepted by the latter. Mr. Curtin was himself elected Governor in 1860, and re-elected in 1863. He was inaugurated January 15, 1861, and during the next six years was one of the leading spirits among the loyal Governors of the Northern States.

OLD REDOUBT AT PITTSBURGH.

The only remaining vestige of Fort Pitt, that, more than a century ago, occupied the place where the city of Pittsburgh now stands, is the old redoubt represented in our engraving. It is very heavily built of stone, and was erected in 1764. This ruin, associated with the memories of the Revolutionary struggle, was last used as a dwelling-house. It is now, we believe, tenanted, but still stands a venerable monument of war in the midst of the busy city.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A RELATIVE position—Standing godfather.
A LADY'S sleeve-link—A gentleman's arm.
To remove stains from character—Get rich.

WHEN may a man be said to be thoroughly "sewn up?" When he has pins and needles in his foot and a stitch in his side.

"Do make yourselves at home, ladies," said a lady one day to her visitors. "I am at home myself, and I wish you were."

A PRINTER observing two bailiffs pursuing an ingenious but distressed author, remarked that it was a new edition of *Pursuits of Literature*, unbound but not pressed.

The following curious advertisement of a school lately appeared in a Kent paper: "The pupils of this school receive a sound English and classical education. Evening classes for ladies and young men on alternate evenings, at the request of a city detective officer, who had reason to believe he was a practical thief."

THE sister of one of our eminent statesmen is a dwarfish and deformed creature, while amiable and judicious above the average of her sex. Taking into view her beautiful place of residence and her large wealth, she remarked to a friend one day: "I can say for the honor of man that I never got an offer in my life."

FREDDY is a little one of seven years' growth, the son of a clergyman, who, with his wife, last just arrived at a new field of labor. Hearing his mother say to his father that she had been deceived by his saying the paragon was a three-story house, when in fact it was only two, he said:

"Well, Freddy?"
"Pa is right."
"How is that, Freddy?"
"The kitchen is one."
"Yes."
"This floor is two, and the story that pa told is three."

"The password is Saxe—now don't forget it, Pat," said the colonel, just before the battle of Fontenoy, at which Saxe was marshal. "Sacks! faith and I will not," said Pat. "Wasn't my father a miller?" "Who goes there?" cried the sentinel, after the Irishman had arrived at his post. Pat was as wise as an owl, and in a sort of whispered howl, replied, "Bags, yer honor."

The following cure for the gout is taken from an old work: First, The person must pick a handkerchief from the pocket of a maid of fifty years, who had never had a wish to change her condition. Second, He must wash it in an honest miller's pond. Third, He must dry it on the hedge of a person who was never covetous. Fourth, He must send it to a doctor who never killed a patient. Fifth, He must mark it with the ink of a lawyer who never cheated a client. Sixth, Apply it to the part affected, and a cure will speedily follow.

At a Paris theatre they were playing a sensational drama. The whole audience listened anxiously and breathlessly. A youth saved his mother, who was about to tumble headlong down a precipice, which caused general emotion and sobs innumerable. Just then the attention of the whole house was directed to the gallery, where sat a mother and her son, the former of whom administered to the boy a sound cuff, which was followed by an irrepressible bawl, "Why didn't you do as much for me, booby, when your set of a father tried to throw me out of the window?"

BEAUTY AND HEALTH.—Pale and sickly-looking females would do a good thing for themselves by judiciously trying Speer's "Standard Wine Bitters." Thousands have used them who have been struggling for the mastery with death, and have found them to be the greatest life-giving tonic known. They will animate the pulse and bring health and color back to their death-white lips. Sold by druggists.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.—I have had one of Grover & Baker's machines in use FOURTEEN YEARS, during which time I have worked constantly on it, and it never has cost one cent for repairs. E. A. Page, Keene, N. H.

FRAGRANT AND PLEASING.—Colgate & Co.'s Toilet Soaps are widely known—fragrant and pleasing—they have a softening influence on the skin.—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

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The following continued stories have been, and are now being published in FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

SILAS THE CONJUROR;
THE HUNTER'S FEAST, by Mayne Reid;
CHEVY CHASE;
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS;
ALONE IN THE PIRATE'S LAIR;
ERNEST BRACEBRIDGE;
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WHAT PARENTS SAY ABOUT FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

A gentleman thus writes to us:

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7, 1868.

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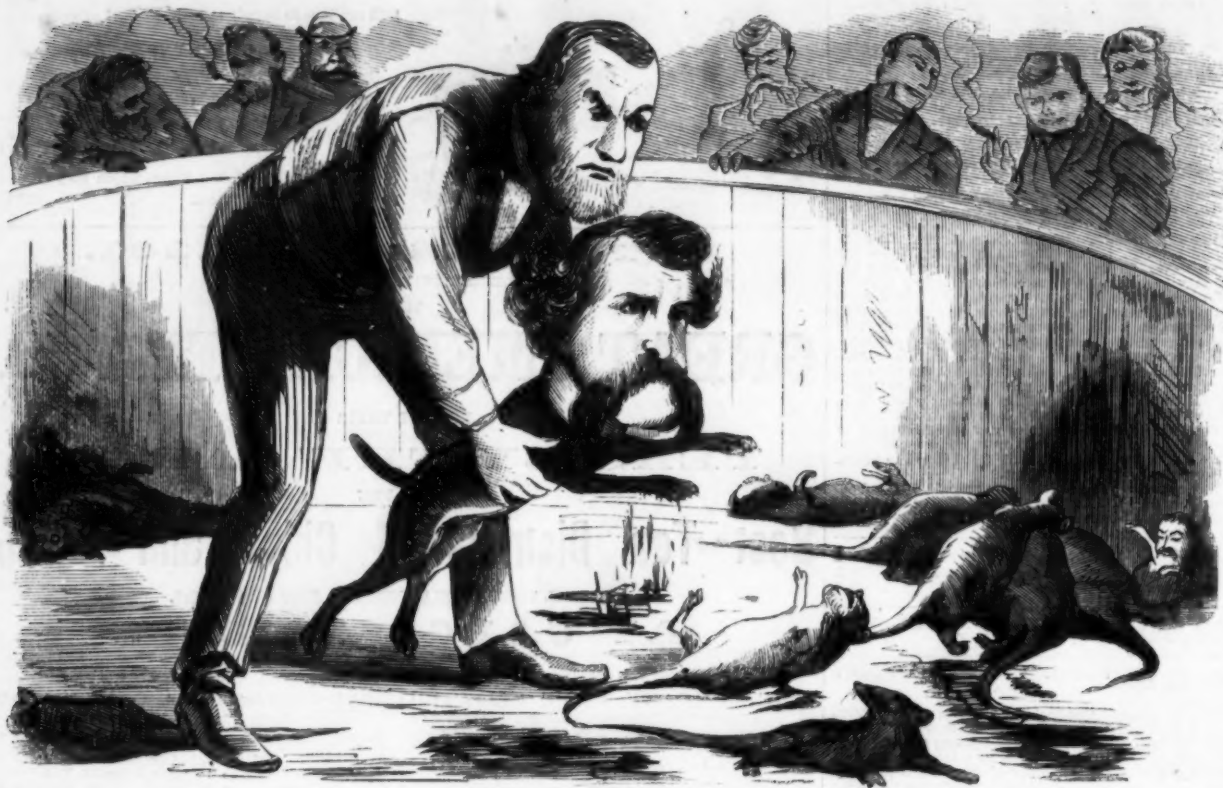
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